

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 1, 1823.

(Lit. Gaz.)

TRAVELS THROUGH SWEDEN, NORWAY, &c. TO THE NORTH CAPE.

BY A. DE CAPELL BROOKE, A.M.

IN our preceding remarks on this Volume* we mentioned the author's belief in the existence of the great Sea-serpent; and we must acknowledge, if there be truth in Norway, that the testimony he adduces in support of the fact, are sufficient to overcome more than ordinary scepticism. He says,—

“As I had determined, on arriving at the coast, to make every inquiry respecting the truth of the accounts, which had reached England the preceding year, of the sea-serpent having recently been seen off this part of Norway, I shall simply give the different reports I received of it during my voyage to the North Cape, leaving others to their own conclusions, and without expressing, at least for the present, any opinion respecting them.

“The fishermen at Sejersted said, a sea-serpent was seen two years ago in the Folden *fiord*, the length of which, as far as it was visible, was sixty feet. This had been told them by those who had seen it in the Folden. On putting the question, I was rather surprised to find the name of the Kraken well known to them, and that they did not in the least doubt its existence. These accounts, short and imperfect as they were, agreed, as far as they went, with those of Bishop Pontoppidan, of whom they had heard. It was seen, they said, only in calm weather, always at a great distance from the coast; and when it

appeared above water, it had very long arms, like the masts of a ship. This was the first and the last that I heard concerning the kraken; nor did I, during a subsequent journey of some hundred miles, meet with any account of it, though in one instance, in Nordland, its name was not quite unknown.”

From Mr. Schilderup, the post-master at Otersun, “I learned some curious particulars respecting the sea-serpent, which had caused so much alarm and wonder in Norway, and the report of which, as I have said, had even reached England. From having formerly been in the Norwegian sea service, he was called Capt. Schilderup; and seemed a quick, intelligent man. It appeared, that the sea-serpent had actually been off the island for a considerable length of time during the preceding summer, in the narrow part of the Sound, between this island and the continent; and the description he gave of it was as follows:

“It made its appearance for the first time in the month of July, 1816, off Otersun, in the Sound above mentioned. Previous to this he had often heard of the existence of these creatures, but never before believed it. During the whole of that month the weather was excessively sultry and calm; and the serpent was seen every day, nearly in the same part of the Sound. It continued there while the warm weather lasted, lying motionless, and as if doz-

* See p. 377.

ing in the sun-beams.—This part of the account reminded me of the monster of the deep, so finely described by Milton :

Or that sea-beast

Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugest that swim the ocean stream :
Him, haply slumb'ring on the Norway foam,
The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,
With fixed anchor in his scaly rind,
Moors by his side under the ice, while night
Invests the sea, and wished morn delays.

Parad. Lost, I. 138.

“The number of persons living on the island, he said, was about thirty; the whole of whom, from motives of curiosity, went to look at it while it remained. This was confirmed to me by subsequent inquiries among the inhabitants, who gave a similar account of it. The first time that he saw it, he was in a boat, at the distance of about 200 yards. The length of it he supposes to have been about 300 ells, or 600 feet. Of this he could not speak accurately; but it was of very considerable length; and longer than it appeared, as it lay in large coils above the water to the height of many feet. Its colour was greyish. At the distance at which he was, he could not ascertain whether it were covered with scales; but when it moved, it made a loud crackling noise, which he distinctly heard. Its head was shaped like that of a serpent; but he could not tell whether it had teeth or not. He said it emitted a very strong odour; and that the boatmen were afraid to approach near it, and looked on its coming as a bad sign, as the fish left the coast in consequence. Such were the particulars he related to me.” - - -

Further on, Capt. B. met the Bishop of the Nordlands, to whom he had letters of introduction; and this worthy prelate corroborates the accounts previously received.

“To the testimony of others respecting the existence of the sea-serpent, I shall now add that of the bishop himself, who was an eye-witness to the appearance of two in the bay of Shuresund, or Sorsund, in the Drontheim *fjord*, about eight Norway miles from Drontheim. He was but a short distance from them, and saw them plainly. They were swimming in large folds,

part of which was seen above the water, and the length of what appeared of the largest he judged to be about 100 feet. They were of a darkish grey colour; the heads hardly discernible, from their being almost under water; and they were visible for only a short time. Before that period, he had treated the account of them as fabulous; but it was now impossible, he said, to doubt their existence, as such numbers of respectable people, since that time, had likewise seen them on different occasions. He had never met with any person who had seen the kraken, and was inclined to think it a fable.”

There are other statements to the same effect; but those who do not think these conclusive, would hardly attach more credit to the unanimous oath of the Norwegian people; and we leave the question to its fate, without expressing an opinion.

But if the rarity of the serpent at sea leads to doubts, there can be none respecting the multitude of a land animal, almost equally marvellous in its appearances. Of the Lemming Captain Brooke gives us many very curious particulars; some of them would induce the belief that it was lemmings, not rats, which destroyed the wicked, hard-haerted bishop in his Island Castle of the Rhine, in times of old.

“That very singular creature, the lemming, about which so much has been said, and so many endless conjectures formed, though in other countries it is, I believe, unknown, makes its appearance sometimes in the surrounding districts, and even at Drontheim itself. It is a small animal, about the size of a rat; and is supposed to inhabit the long chain of mountains called the Lapland Alps, running between Sweden and Norway. Its appearance is sudden and uncertain, sometimes not being seen for twenty years, and at other times observed in some parts generally every three or four. When, however, it commences its migrations, it is in such inconceivable numbers, that the country is literally covered with them; marching in these bodies always, as it is said, in a straight direction, and never suffering itself to be diverted from its course by any opposing obstacles.

"The superstition of the country people leads them to suppose, that the appearance of these swarms forbodes evil, and is the forerunner of war and disaster. The latter may readily be, should they make their appearance in the more cultivated parts, since total destruction to the crops and vegetation in general must follow. - - -

"In 1808, the lemmings were met in great numbers, first at Dovre, the commencement of the Dovrefield, in the beginning of the summer. They were moving in the direction of Drontheim, which they afterwards reached; and there remained a considerable length of time, infesting every part of the city. The boys used to catch them, by smearing a board with tar; and great numbers were killed by the dogs, without, however, their eating them. The remainder of the body disappeared as suddenly as they came; and it was not known whither they went, or whence they came; but it was supposed, that they proceeded from the mountains on the frontiers. On being stopped, and their progress arrested by a stick, they assumed a threatening attitude, uttering a squeaking kind of bark.

"Mr. Johansen mentioned also a curious and laughable circumstance respecting these little animals. In 1788, when there were reviews of large bodies of cavalry during the summer, near Drontheim, the lemmings appeared in the surrounding country in immense bodies; and it excited no small amusement, when the regiments were performing their manœuvres and charging, to see these diminutive creatures put themselves into a posture of defence, as if ready to receive the attack of the enemy.

"Their method of crossing rivers, and branches of the *fjords*, was thus related by Mr. Knudtzon, sen. who was an eye-witness of it.

"On arriving at the edge of the water, the foremost advance, and, swimming across, form a kind of floating, or, to use a military phrase, complete pontoon bridge; the head of each supported by the hinder part of that before it. When a communication is thus formed between the shores, the remainder of the army pass rapidly over the backs of

the supporters, and gain the opposite shore.—Strange as this may seem, the contrivances which naturalists agree are resorted to both by the marmot and grey squirrel, for the purpose of crossing rivers, appear as extraordinary, though well authenticated: and what has thus been mentioned concerning the lemming will, I doubt not, be received with attention by those, who have made natural history more particularly their study, and can the better judge of the extraordinary instinct and sagacity of the animal creation.

- - - "About five years ago the lemmings made their appearance at Sandtøry in extraordinary numbers. They came in the night during the fall of the Moon, and staid on Hindøen near three months, when they swam across the sound to the mainland, directing their course nearly north. Mr. Christiansen, who saw them when taking their departure, supposed there could not have been less than 20,000 crossing at a time. The passage of the army was performed at different times, from their being obliged to wait frequently for a favourable wind; and by the time they left Hindøen, their numbers were thinned to one-half. Many thousands were afterwards found on the coast, which had been carried away by the currents and drowned. No small number perished also on this dangerous navigation, by their aerial enemies, the gulls; the whole host of which followed the body with loud cries, and increased the peril to which these poor animals are exposed in whatever direction they proceed. To give some idea of the immense numbers in which they approached Sandtøry, Mr. Christiansen, seeing the advance of the lemming army, one that never retreats, stood before his door to attempt to stop it, and with one blow of a stick killed no less than sixty: but the vacancy existed only for a moment, being quickly filled by the body in the rear." - - -

At the little island of Carlsøe, when far advanced towards the Cape, our author had the good fortune to receive ocular demonstration of the habits of this animal:

"We landed (he tells us) at the parsonage-house where I intended to re-

ing in the sun-beams.—This part of the account reminded me of the monster of the deep, so finely described by Milton :

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"We landed (he tells us) at the parsonage-house where I intended to re-

main. *Præsten* Steen, the clergyman, came out to receive me, and seemed in no small degree surprised, as well as rejoiced, at my arrival. I had been there but a few minutes, when I heard that the lemmings were actually on the island; and by walking a few steps from the house I easily convinced myself of this. Every blade of grass was literally alive with them. When I walked to the sea-shore, they were there also, and were running about the small garden patch in front of the parsonage. The out-houses were filled with them, and in a few minutes I had more specimens than I could take away with me. Mr. Steen, who could not account for their appearance in these extraordinary numbers, said it was some years since they had been seen at Carlsöe.

"The universal opinion of the lower orders respecting them is, that they fall from the clouds; and there are not wanting some in better circumstances, who are of the same opinion. Many old men have affirmed in the most solemn manner, that they have seen them drop; while better informed persons, who are ashamed to confess their belief that they are rained from heaven, attempt to explain one mystery by another as great; namely, by giving to the mists an extraordinary power of sweeping up these animals, and letting them fall in other parts. It is curious enough, that all over the north the clouds are universally believed to have this power, not only with respect to so small an animal as the lemming, but also with others of a much larger kind, as sheep, goats, and even oxen."

There can be no doubt but that the reindeer eat this animal. There is a good print of it in the volume before us. - - - "In length it is five inches and a half; its ears round and small, with long black whiskers; the belly is of a whitish yellow; the back and sides are tawny, variegated with black; the tail is half an inch in length; the feet are five toed; the upper lip is divided; and in each jaw are two teeth."

Leaving that remarkable inhabitant of the earth, (the Lemming,) we return again to the water, to copy the author's very intelligent description of the Fish-

eries to which almost every country in Europe is indebted for supplies:

"The fishing season commences the beginning of February, when the boats from Helgeland, Nordland, and Finmark, assemble at the Lofodon islands. In order to give to every one a fair opportunity, and as it is pretty well known what number will repair to each *vær*, or island, no nets are allowed to be set until two-thirds of the fishermen expected are arrived, and have declared it time to commence. Previous to this, however, or at any time of the year, fishing with lines is permitted. The fish are as regular as the fishermen in their approach to the coast. The greatest proportion of them are caught in nets, placed perpendicularly in the sea, at the depth of 50, 100, and 150 fathoms, according to the banks. The nets being set in this direction in the evening, the fish approach the coast in millions. Shaping their course as they invariably do, toward the south, and not seeing the nets, they run their heads into the meshes, which are made large enough for that purpose, but not of a size to admit the body. Finding their progress thus interrupted, they attempt to recede, and are caught by the gills. The fishermen take up their nets in the morning, empty them, and bring them ashore to be repaired for the evening. When they reach the islands, they haul up their boats, and prepare the fish for hanging on the *yells*, as they are called, which are poles suspended horizontally about six feet from the ground. The heads being cut off, and the insides taken out, they are hung together in pairs with birch twigs, which the men take with them for the purpose. The fish ought not to touch each other, as they are apt in that case to turn black, and are not so saleable. In this manner, and without any other preparation, is nearly the whole of the astonishing quantity of fish which is taken at Lofoden cured, owing entirely to the great dryness and purity of the atmosphere in these latitudes. A fish once dried in the air in this manner will keep good for several years; and in order to insure this, a law of great importance to the fishery forbids, under severe penalties, the taking down the fish from

the *yells* before the 14th of June, when they are supposed to be thoroughly dried. Previous to this, the agent of the bishop of the Nordlands and Finmark, who generally farms his tithes, goes round and ascertains the quantity on each *yell*.

"The regulations during the season are few and simple: when a sufficient number of boats have arrived, the fishermen hold a consultation as to the propriety of commencing operations. This is the more prudent, as experience has taught them, that if the first fish, or leaders of the shoal, be frightened or stopped by the nets, they invariably turn off to one side, but not back; and the season has sometimes nearly expired before it has been possible to fall in with them again. Whether the leaders have passed, they easily ascertain by their hand-line fishing, and when they find this to be the case, they may with safety set their nets. They next proceed to choose an admiral, to whom all disputes, arising chiefly from encroaching on each other's fishing ground, are referred; and if this be insufficient, the matter is generally settled by one of the merchants of the Lofodens, residing near the place where the fishery is carried on. If possible, all the cod taken are hung up for *rund fisk*, round or whole fish, in other words stock fish, this kind bringing the best price; and it is only toward the end of the season, when the weather is becoming too mild to harden or dry a fish whole, that it is slit open, the back bone taken out, and then hung up to dry, when it is called *rotskiær*, or split fish. The heads that are cut off are not thrown away, but are carefully made up into bunches, hung up in like manner to dry, and then taken home, where they are kept as food for the cattle during the winter, being boiled up for them in the manner already mentioned. The roes are also taken out, packed in barrels with layers of salt between them, and sent to the place of exportation, chiefly Bergen; whence they are shipped to ports in France, generally within the Straits, where they are used as bait for fishing. At the close of the season, such roes as are too soft for salting, are kept also for the cattle. The livers are taken home in

barrels, which are allowed to stand as long as possible, to produce the more clear oil. This, which is called *blank tran*, or white oil, exudes from the liver by its own pressure, and is the most valuable. The livers are afterwards boiled up in large caldrons, kept constantly stirring, and the oil, as it rises, is skimmed off and barrelled. The oil thus obtained is called *bruun tran*, or brown oil, and does not fetch in general so good a price as the former. Five hundred cod livers are reckoned to make a barrel of oil of thirty-six gallons: and it must certainly appear very singular, that the whole of the great quantity of oil exported yearly from Norway, amounting to at least 30,000 barrels, with the exception of a very trifling quantity derived from the accidental capture of a finner, should be produced from the liver of so small a fish as the cod. This oil is sent partly to Bremen and Flensburg, but principally to Holland, where it is used in the preparation of leather.

"The fishing season seldom lasts longer than seven or eight weeks, when the shoal has all passed to the southward." - - -

It is calculated that 700,000 cod are taken in that period, to the value of at least 100,000*l*. The principal markets for them are Naples, Trieste, Ancona, Antwerp, and Barcelona. Very few Fins or Laplanders engage in this traffic; their habits are more *terrestrial*, as appears from a very interesting account of a visit paid to one of their wandering families by Captain Brooke:

"Mr. Lenning, my landlord, having received intelligence, that the Laplanders with their rein-deer had approached within the distance of about a mile from Fugleness, and that they would remain for a few days in that part of the mountains, I was anxious to avail myself of this opportunity of seeing them. Accompanied by Madame Lenning and her husband, after half an hour's walk, we found the tent; and its owner, Per Mathisön Sahra, sitting at the entrance cutting a birch twig. Though well acquainted with Mr. Lenning, who spoke his language perfectly, he received us with the most perfect

indifference, showing no disposition to welcome us, or betraying any emotion whatever. Inside the tent, in which we crept, we found his wife busy in preparing the utensils for milking the deer and making the cheese. As the herd was some miles distant in the mountains, and would consequently take a considerable time in returning to the evening fold, I occupied myself with inspecting the whole of a Laplander's household economy, which was extremely curious.

"Per Mathisön had pitched his tent at the extremity of a valley between the mountains, which sloped gradually down to the sea shore at Fugleness, and whence a fine view was obtained of that part of the ocean inclosed by the surrounding islands. Marit Martins Datter, the name of Per Mathisön's wife, meaning literally Marit the daughter of Martin, was short in stature, not exceeding four feet nine inches, and of a brown complexion, which seemed more the result of habitual dirt, living constantly surrounded by smoke, and exposure to the weather at all seasons of the year, than of nature, as the colour of her eyes and hair did not denote a natural darkness of the skin. She had on her summer dress of dirty white, walmal cloth, girt round by a belt, to which was suspended a small knife. She had laid aside every part of her winter dress, and her *komagers*, or shoes, were of strong leather, forming a peak at the toes. On her head she wore a high cap, made partly of cloth, and in part of bits of coloured calico. This cap is peculiar to Norwegian Lapland, and is rather elegant in its shape. - - - Though wild and uncouth, yet her manners did not betray any of the surliness so conspicuous in her husband. The latter was dressed in rein-deer fawn-skins; which being thin and pliable, and made to sit loose, were not so likely to incommode the wearer from their too great warmth. His family consisted of a wife and child; and a Laplander, who, being poor, and having no deer of his own, acted in the capacity of a servant, and had the principal care of the herd, attending them by night as well as day. He was then absent, driving them to

the tent to be milked. With him were another Laplander and his wife, who also lived in the tent with the former. This man seemed to be a kind of partner of Per Mathisön. Their deer were mixed in common together, though the superior number belonging to the latter evidently constituted him the head of the family; which it was easy to perceive from his idleness and inactivity, mixed with a kind of a gruff independence, that bespoke a laird of the mountains. He had been in the habit, for the last two summers, of repairing with his herd of deer to the mountains of Whale Island from the neighbouring country of Kontokeino, a distance of more than 200 miles in the interior of Norwegian Lapland. Here he remained between two and three months; and, before the approach of winter, again returned to his native forests. The whole number of deer on the island was about 4000, which in like manner were only visitants during the summer.

"After the expiration of about two hours, the distant barking of the dogs indicated the coming of the deer, which we at last discerned winding slowly along the mountains at the distance of near a mile, presenting only the appearance of a black moving mass blending with the dark sides of the mountains. They now approached the fold, which was a large space, that had been cleared of the brush wood, and inclosed by branches of the dwarf birch and aspen, stuck around to prevent the deer from straying. As the herd came up to it, the deer made frequent snortings, and a loud crackling was heard, produced by their hoofs striking against each other. These animals, which are endued with an exquisite sense of smelling, soon perceived there were strangers near; and our appearance, so different from the dress of the Laplanders to which they had been accustomed, alarmed them to such a degree, that it was necessary for us to retire till they had entered the fold. After some difficulty, the whole of the herd were at length collected within the circle; and the women, bringing their bowls from the tent, began the operation of milking, which, as some hundreds of deer were assembled, was likely to take up

a considerable time. In this both the women and men were busily employed. Before each deer was milked, a cord with a noose was thrown round the horns, by which it was secured and kept steady. The Laplanders in general are extremely expert at this; and it was surprising to see the exactness with which the noose was thrown at a considerable distance, hardly ever failing to light upon the horns of the deer for which it was intended, though in the thickest of the herd. The cord for this purpose was made of the fibres of the birch very neatly plaited together, and exceedingly strong. During the short time the animal was milking, this cord was either held by one of the women, or made fast to a birch shrub; some of the thickest having been stripped of their leaves, and left standing for this purpose. Many of the deer, instead of being tractable as I had previously imagined, were very refractory, frequently even throwing the women down, and butting at them with their horns. The latter seemed very little to mind this; but, strong as the Laplanders are, they appeared to have little power over one of these animals; for, when it had the cord round its horns, and refused to be milked, it dragged the holder with ease round the fold. The quantity of milk that each deer gave hardly exceeded a tea-cup full; but it was extremely luscious, of a fine aromatic flavour, and excelling cream in richness. Of this we eagerly partook after we had permission, which, however, Per Mathisön did not seem at first very willing to grant; but his sullen nature was soon softened by the brandy, which we had brought for the purpose, and of which the females partook, though with some moderation. The whole of them, however, on drinking it, made strange wry faces on account of its strength: not that this diminished their desire for it; on the contrary, after emptying each glass to the very last drop, they smacked their lips with signs of the greatest satisfaction, begging immediately for an additional quantity.

"In the middle of the herd of deer, suspended to the branches of a low birch, was a child about a year old, en-

closed in a kind of cradle, or rather case covered with leather, with a coarse piece of linen cloth attached to it, to protect the infant from the heat of the sun, and from the musquitoes. When the child began to cry, the cradle was swung backwards and forwards, having the same effect as rocking. The Laplanders, when they have occasion to go any distance from their tents, frequently for safety leave their children thus suspended on a tree, by which they are secured from the attack of any ravenous animal, that might happen to approach.

"It was already past midnight before the whole of the herd was milked. The sun had left the heavens about an hour, but a deep orange tint on the verge of the horizon showed that it was not far below it. The deer were at length turned out from the fold, and spreading themselves along the sides of the mountains, were quickly lost to our view. The Laplanders now collecting the milk they had obtained, which amounted to a considerable quantity, proceeded with it toward the tent, giving us an invitation to supper. Having accepted it, we crept in, and seated ourselves on rein-deer skins, which were strewn on the ground. The business of making the cheese now commenced; and Marit Martins Datter, emptying the milk from the bowls into a large iron pot, placed it over a fire, which she had made in the centre of the tent, and the smoke of which annoyed us more than any thing. Every corner was filled with it, and it caused the tears to stream plentifully from our eyes. The only outlet it had was an opening at the top of the tent; and in order to withstand it in some measure, we lay down flat, by which we were enabled to breathe more freely. The milk, after remaining a short time on the fire, assumed the consistence of curd; and being taken off, was placed in small moulds made of beech wood, and pressed together. The number of cheeses thus made amounted to about eight, of the size of a common plate, and barely an inch in thickness.

"The whey and curds that remained were for our supper; which we commenced, though the dirty habits of both

the men and women very much diminished my appetite. Marit Rasmus Datter, the wife of the other Laplander, eagerly licked with her tongue the bottoms of the bowls that had contained the milk. Fingers were here the only knives and forks; and the whole party, dipping their hands into the pot, grasped the curds, which were greedily conveyed to their mouths. Having previously drunk plentifully of the milk, I felt no inclination to join with them in their repast, and amused myself by observing their countenances and proceedings. After the supper was finished, and the bowls and other utensils removed to a corner of the tent, fresh wood, to my great mortification, was placed on the fire, which, being green, again enveloped us in smoke. On its burning up, the flames reached the cheeses, which had been made some time before, and were placed on a board directly over the fire, in order that the smoke might harden them. Their richness and the heat caused large drops of oil to trickle from them, which were licked off by the men with an evident relish. The whole group was certainly a curious one. Opposite us, around the fire, were the uncouth figures of the Laplanders, squatting on their haunches, as is their constant custom. In one corner were two children asleep in deer skins; and more than twenty small dogs were also taking their repose about us. It was soon time for the men to commence their nightly employment of watching the deer: and accordingly one of them left the tent. On making a signal, about half the dogs, whose turn it was to commence the watch, started suddenly up, and followed their master to the mountains. I was greatly surprised to find the rest take no notice of the summons, and remain quietly stretched on the deer skins, well aware, singular as it may seem, that it was not their turn.

"The morning was now pretty far advanced; the Laplanders, who remained within the tent, prepared to go to sleep; and accordingly, taking our departure, we walked back to Fugleness, well amused with the excursion.

To this long extract our arrangements suffer us to add very little. Re-

ferring to other objects of curiosity, we learn from the inhabitants, "with respect to the northern lights, *nordlyrs*, they had frequently heard the noise that sometimes attended them, which they described as like that of a rushing wind. At Hammerfest they said they were at times so violent, and descended so low, that it would appear almost possible to touch them. - - -

"The puffin, or Greenland parrot, called in Norwegian *lund*, breeds here (Carlsöe) in great numbers. The manner of catching them is curious, being by means of small dogs trained to the sport. The puffins sitting together in prodigious numbers in the deep holes and clefts of the highest rocks, one of these dogs is sent in, which seizes the first by its wing. This, to prevent its being carried away, lays hold with its strong beak of the bird next to it, which in like manner seizes its neighbour; and the dog continuing to draw them out, an extraordinary string of these birds falls into the hands of the fowler. They are taken for their feathers, which are valuable." - - -

This is a parallel to Dr. Henderson's story of the foxes in his Icelandic travels:

"'In the vicinity of the North Cape,' says the Doctor, 'where the precipices are almost entirely covered with various species of sea-fowl, the foxes proceed on their predatory expeditions in company; and previous to the commencement of their operations, they hold a kind of mock fight upon the rocks, in order to determine their relative strength. When this has been fairly ascertained, they advance to the brink of the precipice, and, taking each other by the tail, the weakest descends first, while the strongest, forming the last in the row, suspends the whole number, till the foremost has reached their prey. A signal is then given, on which the uppermost fox pulls with all his might, and the rest assist him as well as they can with their feet against the rocks; in this manner they proceed from rock to rock, until they have provided themselves with a sufficient supply.'" - - -

Far be it from us to question the facts stated by veracious travellers, who cer-

tainly see strange sights. Well do we know that many honest assertions have been disbelieved till time proved their truth. Poor Bruce died almost a martyr to the miseries inflicted upon him by imputations on his Abyssinian statements, which have nevertheless been almost entirely confirmed by later authorities since his death. We shall not, therefore hastily class the tales of puffin-catching in strings, and fox-hunting pendulatory, with an ancient anecdote which used to please our younger days. It was of a gentleman so notoriously addicted to exaggeration, that his servant was instructed to check him by a jog, whenever he found him lapsing into too wide an indulgence of his propensity. One day he was telling of a fox which he had seen with a mon-

strous long brush—a brush, he assured the company, at least a mile in length. John gave his master a jog. “Well,” said he, “it might not be quite so much, but I am sure it was half a mile;”—(another jog)—“or if not, it must have been a quarter”—(jog again.) “I’ll be d—— if it was not a hundred yards long”—(another jog.) “Fifty”—(jog again.) The poor gentleman could bear it no more, but starting up, he exclaimed, “D—— ye, you rascal, will ye let my fox have no tail at all!”

With this, lest our *tale* should be thought as extravagantly long as the fox’s, we close the volume, which is not only (with the exception of the first third) very interesting, but promises a successor not inferior for the gratification of readers of every taste.

(Lond. Mag.)

Some months ago we received a letter from the editor of a well-known periodical work published in America, asking whether the candidates for literary fame on that side of the water would be allowed, on certain terms, to tourney with their elder brothers in the lists of the London? Our answer was in the affirmative, and we suppose that the following poem, dated from “the United States of America,” has been in consequence sent us.

LINES FROM THE PORT-FOLIO OF H——.

WE met upon the world’s wide face,
When each of us was young;
We parted soon, and to her place
A darker spirit sprung;—
A feeling such as must have stirr’d
The Roman’s bosom, when he heard,
Beneath the trembling ground,
The God his genius marching forth,
From the old city of his mirth,
To lively music’s sound.

A sense it was, that I could see
The angel leave my side,
That thenceforth my prosperity
Must be a falling tide:—
A strange and ominous belief,
That in spring-time, the yellow leaf
Had fallen on my hours;
And that all hope would be most vain
Of finding in my path again
Its former vanish’d flowers.

But thou, the idol of my few
And fleeting better days,—
The light that cheer’d, when life was new,
My being with its rays;
And though, alas! its joy be gone,—
Art yet, like tomb-lamps, shining on
The phantoms of my mind,—
The memories of many a dream
Floating on thought’s fantastic stream,
Like storm clouds on the wind!—

53 ATHENEUM VOL. 13.

Is thy life but the wayward child
Of fever in the heart,
In part, a crowd of fancies wild;
Of ill-made efforts, part?
And, oh! are such familiars thine,
As by thee were made earthly mine?
And is it as with me,—
Doth hope in birthless ashes lie,
While the sun seems a hostile eye,
Thy pains well pleased to see?

I trust, not so—though thou hast been
An evil star to mine,
Let all of good the world has seen
Hang ever upon thine!—
May thy suns those of summer be,
And time show as one joy to thee,
Like thine own nature pure;—
Thou didst but rouse, within my breast,
The sleeping devils from a rest
That could not long endure!

The firstlings of my simple song
Were offer’d to thy name;
Again the altar, idle long,
In worship rears its flame:—
My sacrifice of sullen years,
My many hecatombs of tears,
No happier hours recall;
Yet may thy wandering thoughts restore
To one who ever lov’d thee more
Than fickle fortune’s all.— And

And now farewell ! and although here
 Men hate the source of pain,
 I hold thee and thy follies dear,
 Nor of thy faults complain :
 For my misused and blighted powers,
 My waste of miserable hours,
 I will accuse thee not—
 The fool who could from self depart,
 And make his fate one human heart,
 Deserved no better lot.

I reckon of mine the less, because
 In wiser moods I feel
 A doubtful question of its cause
 And nature on me steal :—
 An ancient notion that Time flings
 Our pains and pleasures from his wings,
 With much equality ;
 And that in reason, happiness,
 Both of accession and decrease
 Incapable must be.

(Lond Mag.)

ST. DERVORGOIL'S WELL.

IT happened one fine evening nigh
 the close of autumn,—when the
 corn wore its covering of broom in the
 stack-yard,—when the nuts began to
 drop ripe from their husks, and the
 morning flowers hung white with hoar
 frost, that two riders entered the south-
 ward gorge of the wild glen of Croga.
 It was wearing late,—the moon had
 still a full hour to march before she
 reached the tops of the western hills,—
 the lights began to disappear from the
 windows of the peasantry, and, besides
 the murmuring of the water of Orr,
 which winded among the rocks and
 trees, an anxious ear might hear the
 cautious step and the lifting latch of
 some young ploughman holding tryste
 with his love. It was a market night,
 and to these soft and pleasurable sounds
 might be added the sharp, shrill, and
 rapid admonition of woman's tongue,
 when a late hour, a pennyless pocket,
 and a head throbbing with drink, called
 forth a torrent of sage and gracious
 remarks on her husband's folly and her
 own wisdom and forbearance.

But of those sounds, if such sounds
 were, the two riders seemed to take no
 note ; they entered the glen abreast,
 and inclining their heads beyond the
 graceful uprightness of good horseman-
 ship, laid them together in the true spi-
 rit of confidential communication. It
 may be imagined that as they were of
 different sexes, love, or some such
 cause of mutual attraction, inclined
 them to this friendly fellowship. I wish
 to leave no room for such unfounded
 suspicion. One was a man in years,
 of a douce and grave exterior, with
 much of that devout circumspection
 and prudence of look, which might
 mark him out to the parish minister in

a nomination of elders. His dress,
 like himself, seemed fit for the wear
 and tear of the world,—firm of texture
 and home-made ; a good gray mixture,
 adapted to the dusty labours of a mill,
 —and a miller he was, and one as good
 as ever wet a wheel in water—the mil-
 ler of Croga mill, and his name was
 Thomas Milroy.

Of his companion I ought to say
 something ; but how can a man less
 than inspired touch off the sedate sim-
 plicity, the matronly demeanour, and
 that look of superstitious awe and love
 for the marvellous, which belonged to
 Barbara Farish, the relict of the laird
 of Elfknowe. Her very horse seemed
 conscious of his load of surpassing
 sanctity and knowledge, and looked on
 the dapple grey nag of the dusty mil-
 ler with an arched neck, and an eye
 worthy of the steed of so good and so
 gifted a dame. Her grey riding skirt
 hung far beneath her feet, and nearly
 reached the ground ; a black silk
 hood, lined with gray, covered her
 head, and was fastened beneath her
 chin ; while over a nose, long and thin,
 and transparent as horn, looked forth
 two deep-set and searching eyes, of a
 light and lively blue. I have said they
 were in earnest conference ;—but the
 miller casting a suspicious and a start-
 led glance on the right hand side of
 the glen, where a thick bower of moun-
 tain ash and holly overhung its bosom,
 patted his horse's neck, and said in a
 low voice, " Dustyfoot, my man, what
 look ye at, lad ? Faith, Barbara, the
 dumb brute sees something, and sees
 nought that's good, for he shakes under
 me like a leaf o' the linn, and your
 horse is snorting and smelling too.
 Grace be near us ! see ye yon elfwo-

man, wi' her bairn in her bosom, seated by the side of Saint Dervorgoil's well?—as sure as corn grows and water runs she's there for nae good to us." And they both made a full halt,—gazed as if they would gaze through the rocky side of the glen,—nor was it Superstition's fear, that artist of wonderful forms which was at work to dismay them.

I have, when a boy, drunk water out of a well of this Galwegian saint, which spouts up through a little trough of stone in the glen of Croga. Virtues are imputed to it by the old people; and those whom it frees from sickness or pain leave a small offering at its brink—at the time I saw it two pieces of ribbon and a ring were tied to a branch of holly, which partly shaded it, and a piece of old silver, the coin of one of the earlier Scottish Kings, lay shining at the bottom,—the offering of a mother for the health of her child. At the side of this well the miller and his companion saw a woman seated with a child in her bosom,—a fair young woman from a distant place. She seemed unconscious or careless of the presence of strangers, and gazed alone at the moon, with its red edge resting on the hill, and at the stars shining in multitudes above her, and at the little well, sending forth its silver thread of water among the grass at her feet. She took from her bosom a token of silver, and dropt into the well, and in a low voice began to chaunt, like one singing to soothe a child, the following verses. It is true that but a few scattered words of this mystic lyric survived in the memories of the two listeners, and that, after the lapse of years, the measure of the melody, and the original strain of sentiment, had alone been secured from oblivion. But dismembered and imperfect as it was, I recited it to one of the peasant poets of the district, who assured me it was a genuine antique, modified by some gifted parson to suit the circumstances under which the young woman sung it,—a kind of change, he observed, which many of our national and domestic lyrics had undergone; and with that tenderness and regard which one man of genius feels for the suffering labours of another, he filled up the gaps which former

forgetfulness had made. For this he made something of an apology,—saying, the rudeness of his own interpolations would soon be singled out by the critical sagacity of the age,—modern dross was easily distinguished from antique gold; but he had a pleasure of his own in ekeing out the ancient mutilated melodies of his country, and he cared little for the opinion of those "chippers and hewers,"—the men who sold their judgment to the public either monthly or quarterly.—But for the song.

OUR LADYE'S BLESSED WELL.

The moon is gleaming far and near,
The stars are streaming free,
And cold comes down the evening dew
On my sweet babe and me.
There is a time for holy song,
An hour for charm and spell,
And now's the time to bathe my babe
In our Ladye's blessed well.

O thou wert born as fair a babe
As light ere shone aboon,
And fairer than the gowan is,
Born in the April moon:
First like the lily pale ye grew,
Syne like the violet wan;
As in the sunshine dies the dew,
So faded my fair Ann.

Was it a breath of evil wind
That harm'd thee, lovely child;
Or was't the fairy's charmed touch
That all thy bloom defiled?
I've watch'd thee in the mirk midnight,
And watch'd thee in the day,
And sung our Ladye's sacred song
To keep the elves away.

The moon is sitting on the hill,
The night is nigh its prime,
The owl doth chace the bearded bat,
The mark of witching time;
And o'er the seven sister stars
A silver cloud is drawn,
And pure the blessed water is
To bathe thee, gentle Ann!

On a far sea thy father sails
Among the spicy isles:
He thinks on thee, and thinks on me,
And as he thinks, he smiles,
And sings, while he his white sail trims,
And severs swift the sea,
About his Anna's sunny locks,
And of her bright blue ee.

O, blessed fountain, give her back
The brightness of her brow;
O, blessed water, bid her cheeks
Like summer roses glow!
'Tis a small gift, thou blessed well,
To thing divine as thee,
But kingdoms to a mother's heart,
For Ann is dear too me.

While she sung this singular lyric, she removed the mantle from her child, took all covering from its body and limbs, and lifting it towards the moon, showed a form much withered and wasted away. She muttered a prayer over it, and then taking water from the well with her hands, showered it plentifully over its body;—the child perhaps accustomed to such ablution, was silent. “Good-wife,” said the miller, “as sure as mill stones run round, that’s an elfwoman and that’s an elfchild,—or they are the fair resemblances, made by the foul spirit of a mother and bairn, for deceiving thee and me, and bringing us to shame. Let us ride back and waken the goodman of Pyetstane;—he’s a bold body, and can face aught,—and he never swears but when he’s sober, and I vow, before sunset, I saw him staggering like a smuggler when his cargo’s discharged.”

“Fool, man,” said she of the Elfknowe, “see ye not that it is a poor young woman benighted under the dark cloud of ancient belief, dousing her unweel bairn in the spring well, accounted holy in Catholic times? Ah, lass, Saint Dervorgoil has lost her charm now, and the water of her blessed well has had little virtue since the reformation. Ye may as well wash it in evening dew, and lay it out to be cured by the influence of the stars on the top of Fardinrush hill, as daft Nell Candlish did, when the babe was found by the shepherds frozen in the morning cold, like a flower. Alas! the spirit of salvation, if ever such a spirit was there, has departed from the blessed well, and there’s no a pool in Croga but what would do the same wonders for the flesh of man. But, alas! it’s hard to make a mither believe that there’s nae charm can heal the sick babe at her bosom; and there’s nae doubt this poor young creature’s come many a weary mile to bathe her child in the blessed fount of Saint Dervorgoil. There was Willie Maclellan’s mither carried him hither out of the wild roons of Galloway, and a bonny bairn she made him;—there’s a natural virtue in pure spring water, that cannot be made stronger by the best saint o’ the calendar.”

“After all, goodwife,” said her more scrupulous companion, “she may be a fairy mother come to wash her imp in the blessed well, so that it may seem every seventh day a douce Christian. Oh, I have heard of such things, and it would nae be an unwise thing to ride back to the Manse, and have the minister’s opinion.” “Whisht, man, whisht,” said Barbara, “ilhe young woman has bathed her ch d; she is now wrapping it up, and see, she comes down the bank;—Hame shall she come with me, for she is a stranger in a strange land, and carries a fatherless babe in her bosom, and that’s both right and reason why she should come to the house of Elfknowe.” The young woman spoke as she approached. “A pleasant way and welcome at hame to ye baith, and the good wishes of a stranger go with you. I have come from the Solway shore to bathe the babe of my bosom in Saint Dervorgoil’s blessed well;—thrice have I come at the full hour of the moon, and the babe is recovering even as a parched flower when the summer rain comes. Sore was it faded, and had ceased to leap in my arms and smile in my face;—but look at the sweet wee innocent now; it has light in its eyes, and life on its brow, and the bloom has come back to its cheek;—my blessing upon the blessed well of Croga.” And removing the mantle from the face of her child, she held it up amid the light of the departing moon, and smiled.

“O woman,” said Barbara, “ye are a kind mother, but a wondrous idolater,—a worshipper of wells and springs, and times of the moon, and set and appointed places. And yet ye have many a douce body’s judgment to countenance ye in your belief in old influences. I had a brother myself who fell asleep once in the Fairy-Ring of Croga, and when he awoke, his bloom was faded, and his strength was nigh gone, and for many a blessed hour he went two-fold over a staff. Now my father was an elder of God’s kirk, and mickle he prayed for the bairn’s health, but health came not, and my mother stole him out, and dipt him thrice in the blessed well of Croga, and he grew a stalwart man, and went to a ripe grave

in his grey hairs. So as the night's cold, and the way long, had ye no better come with me to Elfknowe, and stay till the sun shines?" "Alas! no, good-wife," said the sailor's spouse, "for I maun be on the shore of Solway at the first come of the tide, and all to dip my bairn in the increasing waters. There's a charm in the full moon-tide; and it's sweet to hear it sugling and singing among the hills and pebbles;

away maun I gang, and I am o'er long here." "Woman, woman," said the dame of Elfknowe, "thou wilt slay the child with spells, and take away its sweet life with charms;—but go thy ways,—for a mother who wishes weel to her babe is a wilful creature,—go thy ways:" and the woman and her child were soon lost among the woods of Croga.

(Europ. Mag.)

MY SCHOOL-BOY SCENES.

Ah! happy hills, ah! pleasing shade,
Ah! fields beloved in vain,
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving forth their gladsome wing;
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring. GRAY.

THESE lines have been oft quoted to illustrate a subject on which the pen of almost every writer, from the olden time to the present, has been employed. But the theme which dwells on early affections is an heir-loom in society, and acquires additional value in its descent. It is almost the only one that can universally interest.

Age cannot weary it, or custom stale
Its infinite variety.

I shared in the sentiment of the poet, and his lines spontaneously broke from my lips as I walked forth into the morning, once more to behold the scenes of my youth, and to welcome again those feelings which a cold world can never altogether chill. The day came calmly from the heavens; the clouds were moving slowly on; and the sun, which had just risen, appeared already an emblem of that Eternal, whom, although we cannot gaze upon, we feel. The tranquillity that reigned above had influenced all beneath. The breath of the morning came full of life upon the trees, which bent their branches as if grateful for its freshness; at either side of my path-way a clear streamlet rippled over the pebbles that obstructed it; the melody of the birds sounded joyously,—the voice of nature came

from many sources—and mingled into song. I walked on, at times gazing around on the beautiful landscape that every way opened. But my heart yearned towards the place I was approaching, and seemed retaining its feelings to give them full vent—where my youthful days were passed—where I was once happy. Every object became more familiar as I advanced; I had already traced many of my early haunts, and I soon reached the spot so dear to my memory, with which every idea of enjoyment had been long associated.

I came to the very house in which my school-boy days had passed. With my arms folded, my eyes fixed, my mind reverting to the past, contemplating the present, and wandering on the future, I gazed upon it. Like the feelings of my youth, it was no longer what it had been. In the possession of a new tenant, there was scarcely a trace left of its ancient appearance. Over the door, that had borne the name of my venerable master and declared the duties of his life, a sign-post had been elevated to tell the passing traveller that here he might have rest. Corporal objects had succeeded to mental. The motto of the mansion was once "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest," it was now, "eat, drink, and be merry." I entered it. The interior metamorphosis was still more striking, and to me more melancholy. Every thing had undergone an alteration. I paused but a moment to examine it, and hastily sought the school-room. The magic influence of time had con-

verted it into a place of assembly for the village club ; and in the mornings it was the lecture-room in which the high priest of Terpsichore was wont to instruct his pupils. This was, indeed, a change. The culture of the head had given place to that of the heels ; and to him, who once laboured to instil into the mind seeds that should spring up and bring forth fruit in due season, had succeeded one whose only object it was to teach his students to turn out their toes, and to accompany the scrapings of his instrument with the eternal one, two, three—hop.

I contemplated the scenes of my youth with sensations that few can appreciate, and none sufficiently express ; forgetting for awhile, in dwelling on the days gone by, it was but a shadow I grasped at, which mocks us the more as our feelings are awakened, and never visits us without leaving its sting. Yet for the moment I felt more pleasure in mingling with things that were not, save in the memory and in the imagination, than the worldling in his dearest of sensual delights. Before me once stood the throne of my venerable tutor, from whence he issued his mandates and his laws, imperative as those of the Spartans, unalterable as those of the Medes and Persians. Here he reigned in absolute monarchy ; the great and the little trembled at his nod ; and his subjects, however they might murmur, dared not complain. I fancied him before me now—I beheld my school-mates around his chair—and I was among them, once more a boy. There sat one I loved ; there, one I feared. Here was the tyrant of the school ; and here one more dangerous—the master's favourite. All were before me, bending over their books, and I was among them, once more a boy. The sharp, penetrating eye of the tutor glanced over the circle ; his warning voice was heard, and the more awful sound of his cane, as it struck against the desk, made the attentive, careful, and the idle, studious. Now the hum of business met my ear, and the call to examination. Some full of confidence, others of terror, arranged themselves round the master's seat. It was over. The wild uproar of dismissal, and then the whoop

from the play-ground, aroused me from my reverie. I was a boy no longer. I went to the place where I had so often joined in the revels of my play-mates. It was no more what it then was. Cattle were quietly grazing there. Yet every spot of it was familiar to me, and I recognized every where some object that reminded me of joys which I have known, of happiness which I have felt. I was a poet in those early days, when most of warm passions and feelings are poets, and could pen a sonnet on a fair lady's eye, or a ballad to her eye-brows. For some time I went hand in hand with the Muses, and they strewn flowers on my path-way : but the flowers withered, the Muses abandoned and my mistress jilted me. So the poetic fire was extinguished ; I descended from my Pegasus, and drank no longer of that Castalian stream, whose waters gave Dr. Chandler the "stomach-ache." I now stood on the very spot, still fresh in my memory, where my first stanzas was composed. The feasts on the banks of Helicon, were dedicated to *Love* and the *Muses*. Certain it is, that without having been a lover no one was ever a poet. Love is the soul and source of poetry. It was so to me. Oh ! with what feelings did I revert to those days when I loved, and thought not of deceit ; when I shared my heart among the friends of my boyhood, and little dreamt that any would stab it to its core.

" But those who have lov'd, the fondest, the purest,
Too often have wept o'er the dream they believ'd ;
And the heart that has slumber'd in friendship securest,
Is happy, indeed, if 'twas never deceiv'd."

It was in the morning of life, when hope brightens every thing, and the imagination dwells fondly on joys to come. When the heart, bidding pleasure all hail ! walks forth gaily, and treads only on flowers. There is not a shadow over its path, or a blot on the page it studies. All its cares are ephemeral and die before the ardor of its own light. But the morning is succeeded by the noon ; the feelings of man are changed ; he finds the picture he has sketched has its shadows ; and

he learns, by mournful experience, how fading and how fleeting are all sublunary enjoyments; that happiness is but a syren's song, and charms to wound us; that pleasure is, indeed,

"The torrent's smoothness, ere it dash below."

and as the evening of life approaches he finds his hopes unrealised, his feelings withered, his affections betrayed, his heart broken.

I left the abode of my youth. I could gain little intelligence from its new inmates; and I sought to discover the residence of some of my old acquaintances, in order to learn the fate of my venerable tutor, and to hear something of the companions of my boyhood. I had little difficulty in finding the house of one of my school-fellows. He had lost all recollection of me, but he willingly gave me the information he possessed. He was the first I had seen for many years, with the exception of one, who was my friend at school. We met, long after our early intimacy, under circumstances of a melancholy nature. We were both men, but we had not forgotten the sentiments of our youth. When we did meet, it was to part soon;—he died in my arms. While a boy, he was remarkable for his pensive and almost gloomy disposition. It was this that endeared him to me; for the countenance of sorrow always won me more than that of joy. The heart speaks from it, and at least it does not deceive. It was far from our early haunts that we beheld each other. In him the sadness of his youth had been replaced only by despair; and he was on the bed from which he never rose. It seemed to me that some secret grief preyed upon his heart, and it must have been deeply seated. He never told it to me, and I respected the cause too much to ask it. But when he was dying he gave me a miniature, which he made me promise to bury with him in his grave. It was that of a female; the features were beautiful, but sad, like his own.—The man I now met was one of every-day life, whom sorrow could scarcely touch, who cared little for the finer feelings of humanity, and who enjoyed them less. However, he told me much that I was

anxious to know. My old master had been long dead. Before his death he had been reduced almost to want, and owed all his comforts to one who had been his pupil. There was something very melancholy in this; but how greatly was it softened, to hear that he had been led gently down the hill of life by him whom he had guided up it, who had rendered his pathway less rugged, and removed many a thorn from his pillow; that the tear I wept over it, was not the only one that had glistened on the old man's grave. It reminded me of the noble act of Petrarch, who, while in poverty himself, pawned his most valuable, and indeed his only property, his books, to console the misery and relieve the necessity of his old master, Conventale. I visited the churchyard where the good man's ashes reposed. I stood beside the grave over which his grateful pupil had raised a tablet to his memory, and I repeated the words engraven on it—"may he rest in peace!" Not far from his bed slept one who had been his scholar. I knew his story, and it was a sad one. I remembered him when he was the gayest of the gay; when he trifled away life's morning, and spent it in folly, though not in vice. He hated thought, and, with him, to be serious was to be dull. Like Beatrice, he seemed "born to speak all mirth, and no matter." He loved—and then, like Benedict's, "his jesting spirit crept into a lute-string." He became altered, but improved. The passion, which gave Cymon a soul, taught *him* that man had other enjoyments than basking in the sunshine. His love was prosperous and fortune smiled; the smile was like spring-blight to the flower, which comes tranquil as the breeze, but leaves behind it—death. Preparing himself for the profession of a surgeon, he studied in one of the Metropolitan Hospitals, and, his diploma obtained, he was to have been united to the object of his affections. Having been absent from the city, he had not seen her for some weeks. On the morning of his return he went to the hospital in which he studied, with his usual gay heart, whistling his favourite air to set care and sorrow at defiance,

little dreaming of the precipice on which he stood; he entered the dissecting-room—and, beheld the body of the woman he loved. He never spoke; he never wept; but, from that moment reason left him, and he was soon in his grave at peace. She had died of a fever during his absence, and the circumstance that followed is of too common a nature to require explanation. He had not even heard of her illness; he had left her happy and in health; and he beheld her—it was a blessing to him that he was unconscious of his wretchedness.

The day had drawn to its close before I thought of leaving the scenes so dear to every feeling of my heart. I had roamed about them from morning till almost night. There was scarcely a path of all my haunts which I did not again tread; even with inanimate things I had claimed acquaintanceship, and every tree that I remembered received me once more beneath its branches; there was one in particular, an old oak which grew in the play-ground; I plucked a leaf from it, placed it in my bosom, and departed from the spot, in all human probability forever.

As I passed through the village, in which a new race had sprung up, the usual amusements of the children were going forward; I stood and gazed upon them. The rhymes which I remembered so well broke on my ear; the little ones were dancing in thoughtless merriment, beating time to the measure with their feet. I beheld them with envy bordering on hate, to see them so happy. It was but for an instant; better feelings conquered, as they will always conquer, those momentary visitings of a dæmon. I joined them in their song, and thought at every pause my heart told me too truly,

“I cannot feel as I have felt, or be what I have been.”

Those few moments were to me, what a green spot is to the desert-worn traveller, which he loves to linger near, and leaves with regret.

“Let fate do her worst, there are relics of joy
Bright beams of the past she can never destroy;
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
To shine round the heart and make all pleasure there.”

(Lond. Mag.)

THE MISCELLANY.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

I WAS pleased to see the other day, the *Sir Walter Scott*, a stage-coach, taking its place among the *Wellingtons*, *Cornwallisses*, *Lord Exmouths*, and other mighty names. This is the first compliment of the kind that I remember to have seen paid to letters; and is a token, I am willing to believe, that we are really becoming “a reading public.” When the *Sir Walter Scott* can be a name, *ad captandum*, for the ordinary run of coach travellers, outside passengers and all, we are at least advancing. A compliment of such low origin, may not be thought very flattering; but, as a test of fame, it is surely something; and it is valuable too in proportion to the real worth of the person on whom it is conferred. A chimney-sweeper may confer honour when he praises *Sir Walter Scott*. I

confess I should like to see Chaucer, Spenser, Bacon, Burke—giving fame to our taverns and pot-houses; ay, and receiving fame too from the same sources. As *HEADS*, they have about as much claim to notice, as most of the fiery persons who have been so long the sole subjects of the sign-painter; and as accessories to a beef-steak, and a pint and pipe, we might derive associations from their names quite as seasonable and agreeable as our present eternal mixture of blood and gun-powder. We have the Shakspeare’s *Head*—but only in the neighbourhood of the theatres, where it can scarcely be regarded as a piece of genuine, disinterested homage. Send it to Brentford, to any worthy victualler who may want such a thing, and he will think it necessary, I fear, to put a cocked hat upon it, and call it the King of Prussia.

This preference that is shown to military and naval heroes, (let it be what it may,) but their notoriety, which is decidedly a good ground-work for "Heads," that are meant as a welcome to all comers. Their names have been gazetted—transmitted through a thousand newspapers to every corner of the country; not to say that they are mixed up with events, in which every one, down to the lowest, has an interest in person, pride, or pocket; that the poorest beggar in the land may have shared their honours, and have a wooden leg at least, or an empty sleeve to show for it. These are the names, beyond a doubt, for universal use. We, who read Milton, and Shakspeare, know that, as benefactors to their kind, they are worthy of every mode of public worship; but John Lump never heard of either of them, and he is not a man to be despised by the retailers of gin and ale. The gallant Benbow all

the world knows—and if not, the gun at his elbow, and his flame-coloured face, tell his story in a moment. I hope to see this matter mended, and that our poets and philosophers may in time become popular enough for the sign-posts. Not that I would have the heroes removed altogether. No, no—I love old Benbow, and would have his honest face ruddied up every spring, that he may look fresh and fierce for centuries to come. But for our peace establishment, a name here and there more allied to philosophy and the Muses, would certainly not be misplaced. Let us see:—"The Byron" would be a good name, in promise of a strong, heady ale—the original stingo; "The Moore" too would answer for an excellent tap, sharp and sparkling, or the 'bottled velvet' mentioned by Kotzebue, which you please; and "The Laureat" would do for any body's "*Entire Butt*," as well as the best of them. A.

STANZAS TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

1.

No mortal hand can scatter flowers,
To soothe or bless the mourner's way,
But such as, cull'd from earthly bowers,
Are found as briefly bright as they;
For every blossom born of earth
Is doom'd to wither from its birth.

2.

Yet even these—if fed by dew,
Which silently descends from heaven,—
Indebted, for each brighter hue,
To light its glorious sun has given,—
And freshen'd by its gentlest breeze;
Thus rear'd—e'en *earthly* flowers may
please.

3.

I will not say, my youthful friend,
That such may fitting emblems be
Of aught that *I* have ever penn'd,
Or now presume to offer thee:
But, as a Bard, my highest bliss
Were to approximate to this.

4.

To touch, to please, to win the heart
To calm and virtuous feelings prone,
Not by mere rules of minstrel art,
Or fancied genius of mine own,
But by those holier charms,—whose birth
Is not of man, nor caught from earth.

5.

And, were I gifted thus,—O how
Could I *thy* path with flowers adorn?
When grief too often clouds my brow,
To find *mine own* has many a thorn,
Whose rankling wounds a pledge might be
How little I could succour thee.

6.

But there is Balm in Gilead!—There
The Great Physician may be found,
Whose love and mercy can prepare
An antidote for every wound;
His hand can scatter flowers divine,
And *faith in Him* may make them *THINE*!
B. B.

A SAILOR'S RECEIPT FOR TYING HIS PIG-TAIL—SHAVING, &c.

The following luminous prescriptions I extracted, many years ago, from a nautical work, written by an old ship-commander, of the name (I think) of Harrison. As the book, I dare say, is dead and forgotten, I think it worth while to resuscitate this small sample of learning and experience, for the benefit of all whom this may concern. It

has something in it, as it strikes me, very characteristic of a seaman, not less in the downright hearty earnestness of its tone, than in its wonderful involutions of phrase, and entanglement of meaning. I can hand, reef, and steer—but this tail-manual, I confess, goes beyond my art. Honest Jack conceived it necessary, I remember, to warn

the public, that he was not in the habit of using his pen much. Instruction, not fine writing, was his object—as witness: “My method is to oil my hair—(I should like to have seen this oil, the same, I suppose, that he greased his masts with)—once a week; and every day, when I had time, to comb it well with a small-tooth comb, and with scissors kept it cut short, the shape of my forehead, and each side even with the lower part of my ears, to shelter them from cold and rain, for which it was designed: (*now then*) then with both hands drew all the long hair at the back of my head together tight to the back of my neck, and with a hair-ribband two feet long, taking three turns round the upper part of my right thumb, grasped this tail part of it, and with the left hand passed the ribband three times tight round it, and, with both hands, made a single knot round its upper part, and, with the right hand, wrapped this tail part round the four fingers of the left hand, and held the end part of the hair with the thumb, in the inside and lower part of the club—*till*, with the right hand, the right end of the ribband over and round the club, and the left end of it passed over and round it, till both ends of it can be tied tight with two knots at the upper part of the club, to draw loose by the two

ends of the ribband, to loose it occasionally—which, from long experience, I have found holds it snug out of the way of both eyes and hands—and *which may be easily learned from a little practice*, by which, though in the 78th year of my age, my hair has lost little or nothing of its *bulk* and colour!” —Doubling Cape Horn must be a joke to this.

His mode of shaving is a real bit of the sailor—the true tar—and, in these hard times, is not unworthy of notice for its thrift and simplicity. I wish to stand in the way of no man’s “patent”—razor—soap—or brush—but, no offence to Prince or Packwood, my first care, I conceive, should be the general advantage: so here it is *pro bono publico*. “On shaving my beard, when I first found it necessary, I did it dry, till I found it painful; I then used a piece of hard soap, and with my spittle, *which is softer than fresh water*, my beard made a brush, which stuck to it only, which made it more easy to cut it close—that, in my shaving days, twice a week, *the beard mixed with the soap made as good as oatmeal to wash the hands and face.*” Yet what a fuss some people make about rose-water, wash-balls, and almond-paste!—Send ’em to sea. A.

THE WITHERED ROSES.

I saw them once blowing
Whilst morning was glowing,
But now are their wither’d leaves strew’d o’er the ground,
For tempests to play on,
For cold worms to prey on,
The shame of the garden that triumph’d around.

Their buds which then flourish’d
With dew-drops were nourish’d,
Which turn’d into pearls as they fell from on high
Their hues are now banish’d,
Their fragrance all vanish’d,
Ere evening a shadow has cast from the sky.

I saw, too, whole races
Of glories and graces
Thus open and blossom, but quickly decay:
And smiling and gladness
In sorrow and sadness,
Ere life reach’d its twilight, fade dimly away.

Joy’s light-hearted dances
And Melody’s glances
Are rays of a moment—are dying when born:
And Pleasure’s best dower
Is nought but a flower,
A vanishing dew-drop—a gem of the morn.

(Blackwood's Mag.)

A PROFESSIONAL VISIT TO ALI PACHA, IN THE AUTUMN OF 1809 ;

SHEWING, AMONG OTHER PLEASANT MATTERS, HOW DOCTORS MAY DIFFER.

WHETHER his Highness the Vazier of Epirus was distrustful of the professional skill of Doctors Frank and Zacularius,* the physicians then immediately about his person ; or, which is still more probable, would not venture to confide to them certain secrets regarding his *physical* condition ; or whether, lastly, the high reputation enjoyed by British medical practitioners throughout the Turkish dominions was his leading motive ; it is certain that, at his Highness's express desire, the surgeon of a frigate stationed in the Adriatic was landed at Preveza, to proceed thence to Jannina, which he reached in due season. As this gentleman's eccentricities, when he subsequently became the writer's companion, on his route to the Albanian capital, will contribute very essentially to the amusement of the reader, it will be right, in the first place, to introduce a slight sketch of his deportment on the present occasion.

On his arrival at Jannina, he was lodged at the house of a principal Greek, and had, for his domestic and interpreter, a sailor of that nation, who had picked up his English in the ports of the Levant, and who became, unfortunately for him, in a manner his sole companion. Freed from the restraint of naval discipline, which requires, in the superior officers, and in those more especially of the medical department, a strict observance of sobriety, he was scarcely settled, when, by an over-indulgence in the juice of the grape, he departed so widely from the sedate gravity of his profession, as to incur the high displeasure of the British resident, or unaccredited minister at the Court of Jannina,† in whose amiable society he

might have found his best solace amid the dull monotony of a Turkish town. To complete his disgrace, he procured from the Pacha, on the pretext of requiring a separate establishment, a liberal supply of zechins, which afforded a more ample field for his wild sallies. In his rambles, he one morning fell in with a mad Dervis ; and the scene which ensued in the front of the Bazaar was most laughably ridiculous. Our hero carried a regulation-sword, which he delighted to flourish ; and this the Dervis perceiving, flourished his stick in token of defiance. Approaching each other, they brandished their weapons very scientifically, and began to engage. The byestanders, who might otherwise have interposed to prevent bloodshed, perceiving that the sword was still unsheathed, and that this was rather a trial of skill than betokening any harm, fell into the humour of the combatants, and shouted whenever "a palpable hit" was given, or a desperate parry made to the adversary's thrust. The Dervis, in his distracted mood, was so well pleased with his share of the sport, that he sought opportunities to waylay the doctor, and to invite him to a fresh bout. How often they met my informant did not say ; but he told a sprightly anecdote to the following effect. Strolling about an outskirt of the town, our medical officer met with a beautiful Greek lady, unattended, and just stepping into her house. He presented her with a few of his zechins, which she received very complacently ; but, by a sudden spring, managed so well as to shut the door up on him. Disappointed for a moment of his expected *tête à tête*, he was still not without hope of a favourable issue, and lurked about the spot, when, behold ! the door was suddenly opened, and the lady presented herself, surrounded by her attendants, to whose scorn and derision he found himself exposed. An Albanian soldier happening to pass by, he put a zechin into his hand, making signs to him to shoot the

* The former, the nephew of the celebrated Professor Frank of Vienna, had been with Bonaparte in Egypt ; the latter, a very intelligent Greek, was the Pacha's subject.

† A Colonel in the army, whom I shall, through delicacy, so designate in the sequel of this narrative, in paying a just tribute to his excellent qualities.

uncourteous lady, the great object of his wrath, whom he expressly pointed out. The soldier pocketed the coin, and very deliberately marched off.

From these examples it will readily be conceived that his stay in the Albanian capital was not long protracted. The Pacha dismissed him very civilly, and furnished with an escort to Preveza, there to wait his opportunity to embark. On his passage thence to Malta, he had ample time for reflection. He was abashed, but not discomfited, well knowing that he could tell his story in his own way;—for the Colonel, at whose instance he had been called to Jannina, was too benevolent and kind-hearted to write against him. By the same conveyance, application was made to the late Sir Alexander J. Ball, port-admiral and civil commissioner of Malta, for another medical officer to attend on the Vizier; and the lot fell on me, as the flag-surgeon. My colleague, however, was resolved, if he could so contrive it, to pay another visit to the Albanian territory. He now appeared altogether in a new character; his gentlemanly demeanour, combined with a fascinating address, his persuasive eloquence, and the suavity of his manners, set off to advantage a favourite disciple of the celebrated John Hunter, and gained every heart—when, at the Palace of Saint Antonio, he made one of a party invited by Sir Alexander, and recounted in the style of the Arabian Nights, all the wonders he had seen, and the strange adventures he had met with on the Turkish soil. To the Admiral, he represented himself as having been on the best terms with the Pacha, who was desirous that he should return to Jannina, there to establish a school of medicine and surgery, and to make himself in general professionally useful to his Highness's subjects. On the head of the Pacha's own particular indisposition, he had little to say, and, indeed, little could be expected from him, as he laboured under the disadvantage of not speaking either French or Italian; while his Highness had too many *delicate* secrets to divulge, to intrust them to any third person beside his own confidential interpreter, who was a proficient in these languages, but understood not a word of English.

In reply to the application made to him, Sir Alexander informed the Vizier that he had sent his own surgeon, with permission to pass a month in attendance on his Highness's person. With respect to the one by whom he had been recently attended, his Highness was free to detain him for an indefinite time. Accordingly, on the 23d of July, we embarked in the *Belle Poule* frigate, having under her convoy two light merchant vessels bound to Patras. On the evening of the 28th, we passed between the islands of Cephalonia and Zante, proceeding thence toward the Morea, and to within about fifteen miles of Patras. Our entrance was into a kind of bay leading to the Gulf of Lepanto, with the above islands, Ithaca, and other smaller ones, together with the main-land of Albania, surrounding us. The prevailing calms afforded me, to whom the scene was quite novel, a fine opportunity to contemplate the beauties of this portion of the Ionian isles, of Zante more especially, as they were successively displayed by the different bearings in our slow progress. It was not until the 4th of August, that, having disposed of our convoy, we found ourselves, on our return, nearly about the spot where we had made our entrance into the bay. On the 8th, we joined the *Magnificent*, the senior officer's ship on the station, lying a-breast of Corfu, and off the southern entrance. My colleague and myself went on board to explain the object of our mission, and were embarked in a transport then delivering supplies to the Adriatic squadron, with instructions to land us at Preveza, on the completion of that service. On the afternoon of the 12th, the transport, in entering the harbour of Preveza, struck on the bar, and lay aground for a considerable time. Here the view of the verdant banks on either side, with the fort, or seraglio, on the left, and the smaller fort at the point leading to the town;—of the groves extending from the beach, and other picturesque objects, in the foreground, contrasted with the lofty Albanian mountains, rising in a graduated scale, the one above the other, in the distance, in every direction except toward the sea, was most interesting.

It was dusk before we were extricated from this difficulty, to fall into another, which we fancied to be still more serious. We had heard a brisk cannonading kept up; and this proved to be from the long-boat of the *Magnificent*, which had pursued one of the enemy's small craft to within the limit of the Pacha's waters. We were not molested during the night, but at day-break were suddenly aroused by the approach of an armed force, headed by the Turkish commandant, and accompanied by the Greek governor of Preveza. The law of neutrality had been violated, and the unoffending transport sentenced to pay the fine of infraction; in other words, she was taken possession of; and what was to become of those on board, we were at a loss to conjecture. My companion, who was not a yet well recovered from his overnight's draught, was in a sad fright, and we both wished ourselves safely back to Malta. The angry scowl of the Turkish commandant, as he eyed us askant, would have quite appalled me, if I had not perceived a gracious smile on the naturally complacent countenance of the Greek governor, who was soon made acquainted with the particulars of our destination. The name of the Vizier operated on him like a charm; he assured us, through the interpreter, that we might freely command his best offices, and, as a proof of his sincerity, ordered our luggage to be embarked in his own boat. We followed, and having landed, were conducted by his people to the house of the British Vice-Consul, a Greek, who was then absent. We did not fare the worse on that account, for we were told by his brother to consider the dwelling, and whatever it contained, as our own. We were served with coffee and other refreshments by a Turk,* with a large mustachio, having a sabre at his side, and a brace of pistols in his belt. Whenever he entered the apartment, and at all times, in administering to our calls, or rather signs, he placed

his right hand on his breast, in token of submission to his new masters.

We spent the greater part of the morning in viewing the Bazaar, and the manufactures it contained, which we nicely inspected, watching the operations of the various trades in the distinct quarters they occupied. The streets through which we had to pass were crowded with Albanian soldiers, who were in general, without excepting the officers, very filthy in person and dress, but with highly polished arms. In drawing toward home, we were accosted by a young man, a Maltese, who had been some years detained as a prisoner of war at Corfu, where he had made himself master of the Romaic, or Modern Greek, and had since picked up a precarious subsistence among the Greek merchants, with whom he had travelled much in Epirus. He consented to act as our interpreter on our expedition to Jannina, on the condition of a free passage, on our return, to his native island.

On the morning of the 16th we embarked, and had a delightful sail up the Gulf of Arta to Salahora, where we took up our abode in the Seraglio, the fine apartments of which, we were told, probably as an excuse for the meanness and filthiness of the one assigned to us, were locked up. Next to us was lodged the Commandant, a Turk of a fierce and forbidding aspect, having under him five other Turks, as ragged as they were ill-omened, with the exception of a fine boy, whose sabre, we particularly remarked, had a silver handle. On this subject, my companion, who was over fond of speculation, ventured an hypothesis on which I forbear to make any comment. The Greek governor of Preveza, who had been so civil to us when on board the transport, reached Salahora shortly after our arrival, and invited us to sup and spend the night with him at the *Pêcherie*, or *Preserve*, where the fish are caught and cured. This invitation we declined, pleading as an excuse the necessity of rising early in the morning to prosecute our journey. He sent us, however, two delicate mullets, which, in the time of Apicius, would have brought a large sum at Rome; and one of these we presented to the Commandant.

* In Albania, the Greeks who held a public employment, had a Turkish attendant quartered on them, who served them as a protection, at the same time that he watched over their conduct.

Our cattle had been commanded for daybreak : but the peasant who brought them, thinking we had driven too hard a bargain with *him*, drove them off, and we had to procure others, which were not in readiness till eleven o'clock. This delay brought us into a closer alliance with our new acquaintances, the Turkish guard of Salahora, among whom we distributed a few piastres at parting. We had two guides, and six horses or mules, three for ourselves, and three for our luggage. Having passed over a heath interspersed with fields of Indian corn, which appeared to be the only cultivation, we reached the delightfully picturesque plain of Arta, itself a garden, which, if the affirmation of the Greeks is to be trusted, occupies the scite of the Garden of Eden. In approaching the town we fell in with a cavalcade, of five Turkish ladies with their attendants. From the sparkling vivacity of their eyes, we fancied two of them to be young ; and, the veil concealing the rest of their features, another effort of the imagination made them handsome.

The Commandant assigned us a lodging at a Greek house, facing the Bazar, where we were doomed to make some stay, as well to my grief, who longed to show myself at the Court of Jannina, as to the great molestation of our host and his charming family, who, while we occupied the best and only convenient apartments, were little better accommodated than the pigs they had to rear under the back shed. While the perspective was distant, my colleague bore up, without giving way to reflection ; but now that the mountain-top alone, over which we had to pass, concealed from our view our final destination and head-quarters, his mind misgave him, on a recollection of what he had done, and what he had left undone, on his former visit to the Albanian capital. He dreaded to urge forward his steps ; and he could not with any consistency, or on any decent pretext, retrace them to Preveza. Ever fertile in resources, it suddenly occurred to him that his head required a new *blackening*. He had purchased the receipt of a Jew, when last at Arta ; but, in conformity to the old Israelitish cus-

tom, the rogue had cheated him. The composition had not only failed on his own scone, the grey hairs of which were still apparent ; but, on our passage to Albania, he had practised, to the great amusement of the frigate's officers, on two or three of the cabin-boys, the head of one of whom, owing perhaps to the peculiar temper of the hair, which was not to be provoked into a sombre cast, took a lively green, and brought to my recollection a portrait I saw in the exhibition at Somerset House.

The Greek lady, on whom he had been formerly billeted at this place, he had since been informed, possessed the genuine receipt, and would very obligingly condescend to black his head. For the small charge of a zechin she would bestow on me the like favour ; and I might have the receipt into the bargain. It was not politic, he said, in one who carried his years so well as I did, to wear a powdered head among the Turks, to whom the custom was unknown. They would not discriminate between nature and art ; and it would be humiliating to me to be considered by them as a grey-headed old fellow. So, gentle reader, to blackening we went.

My companion's head required two processes, for he was resolved to have the thing effectually done. Mine was to be finished off in one night ; and such a night it was, as I hope never to see again. In the dusk of the evening I repaired, somewhat reluctantly, to the lady's house, and found her stirring the ingredients in the gloomy caldron. During the scene which ensued, not a word passed on either side ; and the whole was managed by signs and nods, with true pantomimic force. In the first place, my head was well soaped and lathered ; it was next besmeared with paste made of a kind of fuller's earth ; and this being carefully washed off, the black fluid was applied scalding hot. Next came, I know not how many cloths, in which my head was enveloped ; and in this grim state I was put to bed, but not to sleep ; for I felt an intolerable itching of the part under treatment, and through so many layers of cloths, it was impossible to scratch.

About two in the morning, I heard some one steal softly into the chamber. O! dearee me, thought I within myself, can this be an assassin? Or is it the ghost of a Greek man-milliner, in quest of the newest fashions, come trippingly from the shades to take the measure of my head, wrapped in so many tasteful bandages?—It was no other than the master of the house, who was come to pay his adoration to the blessed Virgin, before whose pretty, innocent figure, a lamp was kept burning. The blacking-processes were tiresome enough; but his ejaculations, prostrations, inward mutterings, crossings, and crawl-thumpings, lasted still longer; and, what would have put me out of all patience, if the itching had left me an interval of calm repose, this was not the only visit he paid to his dear Madonna. On rising, my head was well lathered and cleansed, and I came home quite an altered figure, as I thought at least, for, on viewing myself in the glass, it appeared to me that my features and complexion were changed with the colour of my hair.

My colleague was so long engaged in a physiological inquiry, the nature of which he did not communicate to me, but which, as I suspect, regarded the varieties of the human race in their physical conformation, with our host and his brother, both honest sons of Crispin, that we did not leave Arta until toward noon of Monday the 21st; and this delay was productive both of accidents and frights. We had not proceeded more than a mile, when the poor doctor, overpowered by the Greek wine he had taken too freely in entertaining his guests, fell senseless from his saddle to the earth. Leaving the guides to remount him, and *right* him in his seat, the interpreter and myself moved on slowly, but the rest of the cavalcade did not follow. We waited, until at length, becoming quite impatient, I sent him back. Still nought was to be seen in advance for a long interval. I was alone; and what was to become of me, if another, and still more serious accident, had obliged my companions to retrace their steps to Arta? In this perplexity and alarm, I dismounted, and, giving too much of

the halter to my mule, in whose rear I was placed, the vicious animal saluted me with two kicks on the breast, which sent me sprawling and breathless among the furze. The cavalcade, which had been detained by other accidents that had befallen my unfortunate colleague, coming up at this juncture, a part of the luggage was shifted from a steady-going horse, which I mounted, to my refractory beast of a mule, who was so little satisfied with her new burden, that, taking the advantage of a steep descent, off she went with a cabriole, and off went my devoted trunk, bounding as it rolled like a shot fired *à ricochet*; or, to indulge in a more familiar simile, like the school-boy's pebble as it skims the surface of the lake.

At the distance of about three leagues, we reached the mountain—a portion of the Acroceraunian chain—we had to ascend. It was now dusk; and my colleague's terrors came upon him with a renewed force. The mountain recesses, he warned us, were infested by robbers, whom we might have to encounter as night drew on. "List! do you hear?" It was the barking of the shepherds' dogs;—and thus was every strange sound converted into a cause and motive of alarm. Near the summit of the mountain, several Albanian soldiers were *bivouacked*, and lying on their blankets in waiting their companions. We invited them to accompany us, at a piastre per head, and see us safely over what my companion represented as a very dangerous pass. They took our money, and, at the distance of a few paces, suddenly disappeared, well persuaded that we had nothing to fear. In reality, it was impossible to travel at that time, whether by night or by day, any where with more safety than in the Albanian territory.

It was near midnight before we reached the Caravansary, at the summit of the mountain, called "The Five Wells," there being that number of wells adjoining the building, for the accommodation of travellers. As there was no one apartment into which we could venture—for they all swarmed with fleas—we followed the example of the Greek merchants, who were trav-

elling, several of them with their wives and children, to the fair of Larissa, and slept in the open air beneath a shed. We rose early in the morning, and, descending the mountain, came to the Caravansary at the entrance of the plain of Jannina. The scene which lay before us was beautiful. We proceeded until we came within sight of the lake, which, in connection with the town, and the Seraglio at the point, presented a charming feature of the landscape. The plain, to the full extent of our view, was occupied by pasture-grounds, interspersed with vineyards and plantations of maize. At six in the evening we drew near to the Colonel's residence; and it so chanc-

ed, that two respectable Greeks who had just paid him a visit, were seated on a bench without the fore-court, chatting, and inhaling the smoke from their long tubes, at the moment when my companion and myself, mounted on our steeds, and abreast, were about to make our entrance.—“What strange panic can have overtaken these Greeks?” was the reflection I made, when I saw them, after the one had whispered the other in his ear, scamper off as if sudden lightning, or the wrath of the gods, had threatened to overtake them.—Hasten, Signor Alexis, hasten home, to communicate the sad and unexpected tidings!

(Concluded in our next.)

(Lond. Mag.)

SPANISH ROMANCES.

IF the vicissitudes of ages have scarcely produced a change on the Spanish peasantry, so that they, to whom the inimitable pages of Cervantes are familiar, can see nothing new in the European peninsula;—the influence of song is still omnipresent and omnipotent;—if the strains of wisdom and eloquence often fall from the lips of the untutored, and the volumes of history appear familiar to the meanest villager;—if a spirit of joy and harmony is spread over mountain and valley—these, and more than these, have been produced by those beautiful and touching compositions, which, grafted on an oriental stock, have been conveyed from tongue to tongue, and have served to transfer from generation to generation, in all their strength, and all their freshness, the events, as well as the sympathies of other days.

Even in the obscure and trackless recesses, which have scarcely ever been trodden by the foot of a stranger, in spots beyond the influence of civilization, where the mass-book and the lives of the saints make up the sum total of the learning of the most learned; the historical *Romances* have served as the great depositaries, the faithful archives of all that is interesting in the chronicles of Spain, since *Rodrigo el Desdichado* completed the ruin which *Witiza*

el Nefando had begun. Was wisdom ever conveyed in a more attractive form than that of these graceful and flowing strains? The recurring music of the *asonante*, that light echo of a rhyme, so much more harmonious than blank-verse, so much less restrained than any species of metrical prosody, adds singularly to the general charm; and depending wholly for its effect on the simple vowel sounds, whose melody is so much more soft and pure than any thing produced by a combination of letters, it falls on the ear like notes too distant for distinctness, yet producing “a concord of sweet sounds,” whose character can hardly be defined, tho’ it leaves an irresistible emotion of complacency and delight.

A history of Spain, from the fall of the Visigothic monarchy down to the present hour, might be formed from the existing *Romances* alone. A judicious inquirer would be able to extract a greater sum total of truth, communicated with greater energy and beauty in the *Romanceros* of the peninsula, than in all the chronicles of the convents or of the palace. But this is too extensive to be entered upon.

For the expression of warm and natural sentiments—for genuine pathos and tender feeling—for that impassioned eagerness which finds food for its

hopes and fears in every object of thought and sense ; in a word, for the eloquence of honest emotions, what is there can be compared with to the Romances of Spain ? Could I transplant my readers to the brown mountains of Andalusia, or the valleys of Bastan ; could I bid them dwell with me on those delightful recollections of hours, when in the brightest spring-tide of youth I joined the village-dance and listened to the peasant's tale ; could I point that enthusiasm, kindled in every countenance, and spreading like light through every bosom, "it would be something."

Every happy villager took his turn in the recitation, and such as these were the affecting and beautiful compositions we enjoyed :*

On my lap he slept, and my raven hair
Shelter'd him from the sunbeams there—
Love ! shall I rouse him to tell him so ?
O no ! O no !

I comb'd my raven locks, for he
Looked on these locks with ecstasy,
Which the wild breezes scattered,
Stealing the stragglers as they fled—
He was fann'd by those breezes—my raven
hair
Shelter'd him from the sunbeams there—
Love ! shall I rouse him to tell him so ?
O no ! O no !

He call'd me cruel—but if he knew
This heart of mine !—I heard him say,
My raven locks and my chesnut hue
Were his life's charm and his life's decay.
Syren ! he cried—and then he flew
To my lap, where he slept, and my raven
hair
Shelter'd him from the sunbeams there—
Love ! shall I rouse him and tell him so ?
O no ! O no !

Then some young swain doffed his
montero bonnet, and, his voice blending
with the tones of his guitar—the ever
faithful companion of Spanish verse—in
low and melancholy tones he sang :

Say, Juan, say, of what he died ?—
So young, so pensive, and so fair !
Of unrequited love he died—
What said he, shepherd ?—thou wert
there
When death stood threatening at his side—

* We have given the translation, but
omitted the Spanish.

55 ATHENEUM VOL. 13.

—That of his pains the saddest pain
Was—he could not that pain declare—
He would not speak of that again.
Poor youth ! he had been scorn'd by pride—
Of unrequited love he died !

And when he felt the failing breath
Grow weak—what said he of his doom ?
That there are pains far worse than death,
And he had known them—thoughts of gloom
Shadow'd the portals of the tomb—
Some things he said—and none replied—
Of unrequited love he died !

And when the last, last throb drew nigh,
Before the fluttering spirit fled ?
—Soon, soon the pilgrim will be dead :
But there are thoughts which cannot die.
No more he felt, no more he said ;—
He sleeps upon the valley's side—
Of unrequited love he died !

Nor were the decorations which the
charms of nature offer to the enamour-
ed poet forgotten.

Two little streams o'er plains of green
Roll gently on—the flowers between,
But each to each defiance hurls—
All their artillery are pearls.
They foam, they rage, they shout,—and then
Rest in their silent beds again.
And melodies of peace are heard
From many a gay and joyous bird.

I saw a melancholy rill
Burst meekly from a clouded hill,
Another roll'd behind—in speed
An eagle, and in strength a steed ;
It reach'd the vale and overtook
Its rival in the deepest nook ;
And each to each defiance hurls—
All their artillery are pearls.
They foam, they rage, they shout—and then
Rest in their silent beds again.

And if two little streamlets break
The law of love for passion's sake,
How then should I a rival see,
Nor be inflam'd by jealousy ?
For is not love a mightier power
Than mountain stream, or mountain shower ?

Sometimes the Romances of the once
adored Gongora were chosen. Gon-
gora, who, in the midst of his exagger-
ation and bombast, has a mine of natu-
ral feeling—a harmony almost unpar-
alleled, and a grace and facility of ex-
pression most rare and most delightful.

They are not all sweet nightingales
That fill with songs the flowery vales,
But they are little silver bells,
Touch'd by the winds in the smiling dells,
Magic harps of gold in the grove,
Forming a chorus for her I love.

(Lit. Gaz.)

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

NOTES TAKEN AT ADVISING THE ACTION OF DAMAGES AND DEFAMATION, ALEXANDER C M, JEWELLER, IN EDINBURGH, AGAINST MR. JAMES R LL, SURGEON. BY G. C. ESQ.*

Lord Pres. (Campbell.) Your Lordships have Petition of Alex. Cunningham against Lord B——s Interlocutor. It is a case of Defamation and Damages for calling the Petitioner's Diamond Beetle an Egyptian Louse.

You have the Lord Ordinary's very distinct Interlocutor on pages 29 and 30 of the petition: "Having considered the condescendence of the Pursuer, answers for the Defendant, and so on, finds in respect it is not alleged that the diamonds on the back of the Diamond Beetle are real diamonds, or any thing but shining spots, such as are found on other Diamond Beetles, which likewise occur, though in a smaller number of other Beetles, somewhat different from the Beetle libelled, similar to which there may be Beetles in Egypt, with shining spots on their backs, which may be termed Lice there, and may be different not only from the common Louse mentioned by Moses as one of the plagues of Egypt, which is admitted to be a filthy, troublesome Louse, even worse than the said Louse which is clearly different from the Louse libelled; but the other Louse is the same with or similar to the said Beetle, which is also the same with the other Beetle, and although different from the said Beetle libelled, yet as the same Beetle is similar to the other Beetle, and the said Louse to said Beetle, and the said Beetle to the other Louse libelled, and the said Louse to the other Beetle, which is the same with or similar to the Beetle which somewhat resembles the Beetle libelled, assoilizes the Defender, and finds expences due."

Say away, my Lords.

* This clever jeu d'esprit belongs to the northern Capitol. Its writer, one of the most distinguished men of his time, will not, we trust, be displeased at our giving publicity to a playful satire which could hardly pain any personal feeling, and which affords so humorous a picture of not only the Court of Session, but of courts of law generally, where much ingenious trifling, mis-called labour, is often wasted in making plain matters obscure.

Lord M—b—k. This is a very intricate and puzzling question, my Lord. I have formed no decided opinion, but at present I am rather inclined to think the Interlocutor is right, though not upon the ratio assigned in it. It appears to me there are two points for consideration: 1st, Whether the words libelled amount to a convicium against the Beetle. 2d, Admitting the convicium, whether the Pursuer is entitled to found upon it in this action.

Now, my Lord, if there be a convicium at all, it consists in the comparatio, or comparison, of the Scarabæus, or Beetle, with the Egyptian Pediculus, or Louse. The first doubt regards this point, but it is not at all founded on what the Defender alleges, that there is no such animal as an Egyptian Pediculus in rerum natura; for though it does not actually exist, it may possibly exist, and whether its existence is in esse or posse is the same to this question, provided there be termini habiles for ascertaining what it would be if it did exist. But my doubt lies here—How am I to discover what is the essentia of any Louse, whether Egyptian or not? It is very easy to describe it by its accidents as a naturalist, Aptera, (or that it is a little, filthy, yellow, greedy, despicable reptile;) but we do not learn from this what the proprium of the animal is in a logical sense, and still less what are its differentia. Now without these it is impossible to judge whether there is a convicium or not; for in a case of this kind, which sapit naturam delicti, we must take the words in meliori sensu, and presume the comparatio to be in melioribus tantum. And I here beg that the parties, and the bar, and general—(Interrupted by Lord H—m—d,—"Your Lordship should address yourself to the Chair.") I say, my Lord, I beg it may be understood that I do not rest my opinion upon the ground that veritas convicii excusat: I am clear that although the Beetles actually were an Egyptian Pediculus, it would afford no relevant defence, pro-

viding the calling it so were a convicium ; and there my doubt lies.

With regard to the 2d point, I am satisfied that the Scarabæus, or Beetle himself, has no personi standi in judicio, and therefore the Pursuer cannot insist in the name of the Scarabæus, or for his behoof. If the action lies at all, it must be at the instance of the Pursuer himself, as the Verus Dominus of the Scarabæus, for being calumniated through the convicium directed principally against the animal standing in that relation to him.

Lord H—m—d. We heard a little ago, my Lord, that this is a difficult case. I have not been fortunate enough, for my part, to find out where the difficulty lies. Will any man presume to tell me that a Beetle is not a Beetle, or that a Louse is not a Louse? I never saw the Petitioner's Beetle, and what is more, I don't care whether I ever see it or not ; but I suppose it's like other Beetles, and that's enough for me.

But, my Lord, I know the other reptile well. I have seen them, my Lord—I have felt them ever since I was a child in my mother's arms ; and my mind tells me that nothing but the deepest and blackest malice rankling in the human heart could have suggested this comparison, or led any man to form a thought so injurious and insulting. But, my Lord, there is more here than all that—a great deal more. One would think that the Defender could have gratified his spite to the full by comparing this Beetle to a common Louse—an animal sufficiently vile and abominable for the purpose of defamation—Shut that outer door there.—He adds, my Lord, the epithet "Egyptian." I well know what he means by that epithet—he means, my Lord, a Louse which has fattened in the head of a gipsy or tinker, undisturbed by the comb, and unmolested in the enjoyment of its native filth. He means a Louse ten times larger and ten times more abominable than those with which your Lordship or I am familiar. The Petitioner asks redress for this injury so atrocious and so aggravated, and as far as my voice goes, he shall not ask it in vain.

Lord C—g. I am of the opinion

last delivered. It appears to me slanderous and calumnious to compare a Diamond Beetle to the filthy and mischievous animal libelled. By an Egyptian Louse, I understand one which has been found in the head of a native Egyptian, a race of men who, after degenerating for many centuries, have sunk at last into the abyss of depravity in consequence of having been subjugated for a time by the French. I do not find that Turgot or Condorcet, or the rest of the economists, ever reckoned combing the head a species of productive labour. I conclude, therefore, that wherever French principles have been propagated, lice grow to an immoderate size, especially in a warm climate like that of Egypt. I shall only add, that we ought to be sensible of the blessings we enjoy under a free and happy Constitution, where Lice and men live under the restraints of equal laws—the only equality that can exist in a well-regulated state.

Lord B—l—to. Awm for refusing the petition. There more Lice nor Beetles in Fife. They call Beetles Clokes there. I thought when I read the petition, that the Beetle, or Bettle, had been the thing that the women has when they are washing towels or napery, and things for dadding them with. And I see this Petitioner is a jeweller till his trade, and I thought that he had made one of thir Beetles, and set it all round with diamonds, and I thought it an extravagant and foolish idea ; and I see no resemblance it could have to a Louse. But, I find I was mistaken, my Lord, and I find it is only a Beetle Cloke the Petitioner has ; but my opinion's the same it was before. I say, my Lord, Awm for refusing the petition I say.

L—d W—st—lee. There is a case abridged in the 3d Volume of the Dictionary of Decisions (Chalmers versus Douglas,) in which it was found that veritas convicii excusat, which may be rendered not literally, but in a free and spirited manner, according to the most approved principles of translation, "The truth of a calumny affords a relevant defence." If, therefore, it be the law of Scotland, which I am clearly of opinion it is, that the truth of a

calumny affords a relevant defence ; and if it be likewise true that a Diamond Beetle is really an Egyptian Louse, I am really inclined to conclude, though certainly the case is attended with difficulty, that the Defender ought to be assoilzied.—Refuse.

Lord J. C. R—e. I am very well acquainted with the Defender in this action, and have a great respect for him, and esteem him likewise. I know him to be a skilful and expert surgeon, and also a good man, and I would do a great deal to serve him, if I had it in my power to do so ; but I think on this occasion that he has spoken rashly, and, I fear foolishly and improperly. I hope he had no bad intention—I am sure he had not. But the Petitioner, for whom I have likewise a great respect, has a Clock, or a Beetle—I think it is called a Diamond Beetle—which he is very fond of, and has a fancy for ; and the Defender has compared it to a Louse, or a Bug, or a Flea, or something of that kind, with a view to make it despicable or ridiculous, and the Petitioner so likewise, as the proprietor or owner of it. It is said that this beast is a Louse in fact, and that the veritas convicii excusat. And mention is made of a decision in the case of Chalmers against Douglas. I have always had a great veneration for the decisions of your Lordships, and I am sure will always continue to have while I sit here ; but that case was determined by a very small majority, and I have heard your Lordships mention it on various occasions, and you have always desiderated the propriety of it, and I think have departed from it in some instances. I remember the circumstances of the case very well. Helen Chalmers lived in Musselburgh, and the Defender, Mrs. Baillie, lived in Fisher Row. And at that time there was much intercourse between the genteel inhabitants of Musselburgh, and Fisher Row, and Inveresk, and likewise Newbigging ; and there were balls, or dances, or assemblies, every fortnight, and also sometimes, I believe, every week. And there were likewise card-assemblies once a fortnight, or oftener, and the young people danced there also, and others played at cards ; and there

were various refreshments, such as tea and coffee, and butter and bread, and I believe, but I am not sure, porter and negus, and likewise small-beer. And it was at one of these assemblies that Mrs. Baillie called Mrs. Chalmers a —, or an adultress, and Mrs. Chalmers brought an action of defamation before the Commissaries, and it came by advocacy into this Court ; and your Lordships allowed a proof of the veritas convicii, and it lasted a long time, and answered in the end no good purpose even to the Defender himself, while it did much harm to the character of the Pursuer.

I am, therefore, for refusing such a proof in this case ; and I think the Petitioner and his Beetle have been slandered, and the petition ought to be seen.

Lord P—k—t. It should be observed, my Lords, that what is called a Beetle is a reptile well known in this country. I have seen mony a ane o' them on Drumsherlin Muir. It's a little black beastie about the size o' my thoom-nail. The country-people ca' them Cloks, and I believe they ca' them also Maggy wi' the money feet. But this is no the least like any Louse I ever saw ; so that in my opinion, though the Defender may have made a blunder through ignorance in comparing them, there does not seem to me to have been any animus injuriandi ; therefore I am for refusing the petition, my Lords.

L—d M——n. If I understand this—a—a—a—Interlocutor, it is not said that the—a—a—a—Egyptian Lice are Beetles, but that they may be, or—a—a—a—resemble Beetles. I am, therefore, for sending this process to the Ordinary to ascertain that fact, as I think it depends upon that whether there be—a—a—a—a—convicium or not. I think also that the Petitioner should be ordained to—a—a—a—a—to produce his Beetle, and the—a—a—a—a—Defender an Egyptian Louse ; and if he has not one, he should take a diligence—a—a—a—to recover Lice of various kinds, and these may be—a—a—a—a—remitted to—a—a—a—Dr. Monro, or to—a—a—a—Mr. Playfair, or to other naturalists, to report upon the subject.—Agreed to.

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

(Lit. Gaz.)

HERE I COME AGAIN.*

COMICAL stories them, Mr. Editor, about the lemmings and foxes; and perhaps many people would doubt the truth of the account, and the traveller to the North Cape be considered cousin-german to Baron Munchausen. In such matters I am little skilled; but the following plain statement of facts was given by old Ben Marlin to some young sprigs of fashion, who listened with wonder and astonishment:—"Why aye, young gentlemen, you may well say sailors see strange things. They are a sort of hum-fib-ius animals, that often stand in the imminent deadly breach, as Shakespur has it; for d'ye see, the breech of a gun is its stern, as a body may say; and I've often elevated and depress'd my breech when the shots were flying about so thick, that you couldn't stick a marlin-spike atwixt 'em. Well, I often wonder I didn't get knock'd down in the many blow-ups I've been in, but suppose I was bomb-proof. I remember when I was boatswain's mate of the Firefly frigate, Captain Tommyhawk, we were cruising off the coast of Norway to look for the flying Dutchman, 'cause, d'ye see, the Nabob of Arcot—him as lives at Pondicherry, in the north of Scotland—had sent an express to the Lords of the Admiralty in a fire-balloon, to inform 'em she was cruizing about there, to the great annoyance of our *merry-time* subjects; so we were commissioned to send the ghost aloft in a shower of Congreve's rockets. Well, d'ye see, we'd got as far northward as sixty-six, when one afternoon, about three o'clock, it being then pitch-dark, we cotech'd sight of her. Up comes Captain Tommyhawk; he was a *rum* subject, always full of *spirits*, and so was the first Lieutenant for matter o'that. Well, we made all sail in chace, and

the officers swore it was she; for which ever way we put the ship's head, still she was on the starboard-bow, and none but a fan-tom could do that. The rockets were prepared, the matches were lighted; and just as we were going to fire, the officer of the watch discovered we had been chasing the anchor-stock that stuck up above the cat-head, and loom'd large in the dark; but that warn't the best of it, for it came on to blow great guns. The wind was at south-sou-north, and we lay a north-east and by west course. The night was as black as the Emperor of Morocco; however, we got her under close-reef'd pudding-bags, balanced the cook's apron for a try-sail, and stow'd the masts down in the hold. Away she went—sky-pole and bobbing-pole, scupper-hole and hawse-hole, all under water. It took five men to hold the Captain's hat on, and we were obliged to shove our heads down the hatchways to draw breath. The first Lieutenant had all his hair blown off, and has worn a wig ever since. The Boatswain's call was jamm'd so fast in his jaws, that it took a dozen men to bowse it out with a watch-tackle. The Master was bellowing through his speaking-trumpet, when a squall took every tooth out of his head as clean as a whistle. His gums were as bare as the hour he was born, but that didn't matter; he lived on suction, grog, and bacca, though he's chew'd upon it ever since. Oh what a sight to see the whales and dolphins jumping over us just like flying fish! and a shark swallowed the jolly-boat at one gulp! We drove all night, and about eleven o'clock next forenoon, just as day began to break, we heard a most tremendous roaring; it was like—but I can't tell you what it was like. The charts were examined, and every body pull'd long faces, for it was discovered to be the Moll-strum, that swallows every thing up. My eyes, there was a pretty predickymment! When it was broad day-light, we were close to it, and nothing could save us.

* Our humorous Correspondent will raise many a laugh by his characteristic Burlesque on Travellers who go *their lengths*: for ourselves we disclaim all direct allusions and personalities, though names are named in the way of illustration.—Ed.

You've seen soap-suds run round in a ring down a gully-hole? Well, what do you think of a whirlwind—a whirlpool I mean, whose horror-fice was as wide as it is from here to Jerusalem? Ah, you may stare! but it was a complete earthquake. Up comes the Chaplain, and he soon began his dive-ocean, for a lump of a sea lifted him up above the heads of the people, and overboard he vent; but we saw him afterwards on the back of a grampus, making the best of his way to the North Pole. Well, we were suck'd in, and run round and round, just as people do when they run down from the top of the Monument; but still we kept on an even keel, though I'm certain we went at the rate of fifty miles a minute, and floated on the surface of the whirlpool. They said this was occasioned by gravitation. I know we were all grave enough upon the occasion, expecting to be buried alive. Well, we kept at this for some hours, and then the Captain swore we should come out on the opposite side of the globe; and he supposed the French man who found out that the variation of the compass proceeded from an internal motion, had gone that way before us. For my part I couldn't tell what to make of it. Well, we kept at this, as I told you before, for some hours, when it began to get plaguy hot, and the water steam'd again. 'Boiling springs!' says the Captain; 'we're under Lapland, and the witches are all at work under this huge cauldron!' We had only to dip our beef overboard, and it was cook'd in two minutes! Well, young gentlemen, we soon found out where we were; for though 'twas as dark—aye, as black as my hat one minute, yet in an instant, in an amagraphy, I may say, we burst from the water into the middle of a roaring fire, and was shot out of the top of Mount Hecla like a pellet from a pop-gun. How would you like that now? How high we went I can't say, but the sparks got hold of the rockets and set them off; and I understand the Anstronomer Royal, at the house up there, was looking out that night, and took it for a whole fleet of comets. We had a fine bird's-eye view of the world—saw Cap-

tain Parry jamm'd up in the ice, Captain Franklin chasing the wolves, and Mr. Brookes killing the lemmings. Well, I can't say how high we went. Says the Master, says he, 'A little higher, my lads, and we shall be able to catch hold of the tail of the Great Bear, pass a hawser round it, and make fast to repair damages; but mind your helm, boy, or you'll spur us on to Bootes, knock Kiss-you-peeper out of her chair, or run away with the Northern Crown—though the Emperor of Russia takes pretty good care of that.' However, we didn't go quite so high, but come rattling down in a tremendous hurry, passed close to Riggle-us in Li-o, and nearly poked the eye out of Medusa's head. Well, we fell at last upon a mountain of snow, keel downwards; it broke our fall, and happily we sustained but little injury—made a fine dock for ourselves—shored the frigate up—got all ataunt in a few days—and waited for the melting of the snow; when one morning the stocks fell, and we were left upon the wide ocean. The fact was, we had tumbled on to the back of a kraken that had been asleep for a century; the snow had gathered upon him in mountains; our thump woke him, though I suppose it took a fortnight to do it thoroughly; down he went, and we returned in safety to Old England! Here I am, you see, God bless His Majesty!—all dangers past—safe moored at last in Greenwich Hospital. I've nothing to complain of but one thing, and I think if I was to write to the Commander-in-chief at the Parliament-House, he'd take it under his pious consideration; and that's this here: We ought to get our bacca duty free, as we used to do in actual service. My old Captain, Sir Joseph, might *jaw a bit* about it, and come *York* over 'em; and Sir Isaac Coffin, however *grave* on other subjects, ought not to be *mute* in this, but commence *undertaker* in the cause, that we mayn't get *pall'd* at last, and have it *shrouded* in obscurity, or *buried* in oblivion; for d'ye see, right Virginia is a *baccanailian* treat to such a dry *quid* nunx as

AN OLD SAILOR.

BIOGRAPHY OF ECCENTRIC CHARACTERS.

(Literary Gazette.)

ISMAEL FITZADAM.

THE early readers of our Gazette may remember how deep an interest we took in the poetical publications which were given to the world under the assumed name above inscribed. We found the author in misfortune, and we did our humble endeavours to serve him; but an honest pride and sense of independence, even in the midst of the severest distress, rendered our efforts less efficacious than we desired. For the little we could accomplish, we were amply repaid by the grateful feelings we had the pleasure to excite in a breast of no ordinary cast; and our columns were enriched by many contributions from the pen of this gifted writer. Depression of spirits, and a cankering sorrow at the neglect which he experienced from the world, and especially from the profession (the naval service) to which he had devoted his broken hopes, preyed on FITZADAM'S health, and he left London with an almost broken heart, after vainly trying to attract that notice which seems only to wait upon wealthy bards and the sunny favorites of trade and speculation. His manly mind shrunk from the baser arts by which some contrive to rise, and he retired, as we now learn, to his native land—to die. It is with sincere grief that we copy the following from the Erne Packet or Enniskillen Chronicle; for though only known to us as ISMAEL FITZADAM, we saw enough of this gentleman to convince us how well he deserved a happier destiny and a brighter fame.

“It is inexpressibly painful to us this day to record the death of a dear and invaluable friend, Mr. John Macken, brother to the late Patrick Macken, A. B., of T. C. D., and eldest son of Mr. Richard Macken, of Brookeborough, in this county. In announcing the decease of this highly talented gentleman, which took place on the 7th instant, we confess ourselves so overcome by our private feelings of regret at his loss, as to be unable at present to give even a faint outline of his inestimable character. He stood in a two-fold relation

to us—he was our kinsman and our fellow editor, and it is but justice to his memory to state here that he was the first who proposed to us, and who assisted in planning, the establishment of this Journal. Aided and encouraged by his master mind we commenced the work, always secure of the best literary support in his co-operation—and to his exertions do we chiefly attribute the present flattering eminence which the Erne Packet has attained in public esteem. Those terse and elegant compositions both of prose and poetry, which have so often edified and delighted the readers of our paper, were all his own.—He was possessed of a great natural genius—of a refined judgment—and a pure classical taste; his understanding was well cultivated, and his mind richly stored with polite literature.—He was a poet from his earliest youth, and might be said, with the celebrated Pope, to have ‘lisp’d in numbers.’ He went to London some years ago, and there, under the assumed name of FITZADAM, which his modesty induced him to adopt, published several of his poetical productions, which drew from the critical Reviews of the day unqualified praise and admiration. His country’s honour and the well being of society, were among the first objects of his heart. The former suggested to him his admired poem entitled ‘The Harp of the Desert,’ commemorative of the Battle of Algiers, and dedicated to Lord Exmouth, the commander on that memorable occasion.—We blush to say that this native Genius met no support or encouragement in this, the country of his birth. He had no friend nor patron but

- - - ‘He whose diadem has dropt
Yon gems of Heaven.’

To use his own words in some of his works, he was insulated and unnoticed as the lonely contemporary flower of the valley. His life was like the brilliant but fugitive and barren scenery of a summer heaven—bright only by reflection. Ill health deterred him when abroad from many literary undertak-

ings which would have developed his talents and brought his merit to light. In social life he was equally qualified. His manners were highly polished and attractive—he was at once an elegant and instructive companion, and endeared himself to all by the ingenuousness of his disposition and the hilarity of his temper. He bore his tedious illness with true christian patience, and up to the period of his dissolution retained the perfect use of his faculties. His death-bed was like that of the divine Addison, a scene of piety and resignation which might almost be envied.

He taught us how to live; and oh! too high
The price of knowledge, taught us how to die.

He will be deeply regretted by his afflicted parents and family, who will long mourn over his irreparable loss. He was most dear to them in life, and will be ever dear to them even in death."

To this account it affords us a melancholy consolation to add a beautiful tribute of talent—not unworthy of FITZADAM, and breathing a tone of poetic feeling which will gratefully embalm his memory.

"A pilgrim of the harp was he,
With half a heart for chivalry:
The lone, the marvellous, the wild,
Had charmed his spirit, man and child;
Graduate in Nature's elder school
Of forms all grand and beautiful,
Her manuscript divinely wrought,
God's own miraculous polyglot,
Speaking in one all languages,
He studied rocks, and stars, and seas,
No other inspiration his.
But chief the deep his worship won,
The illimitable ocean nurst thereon.

His was, indeed, such wayward doom
As seldom 'gainst man's sin is hurled:
His horoscope was dashed with gloom,
His cloud came with him to the world,
And clipped him round, and weighed him
down,

A deep, revokeless, malison."

The Harp of the Desert—Fitz Adam.

It was a harp just fit to pour
Its music to the wind and wave,—
He had a right to tell their fame
Who stood himself amid the brave.

The first time that I read his strain
There was a tempest on the sky,
And sulphurous clouds, and thunder crash,
Were like dark ships and battle-cry.

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I had forgot my woman's fears,
In thinking on my country's fame,
Till almost I could dream I saw
Her colours float o'er blood and flame.

Died the high song as dies the voice
Of the proud trumpet on the wind;
And died the tempest too, and left
A gentle twilight hour behind.

Then paused I o'er some sad wild notes,
Sweet as the spring bird's lay withal,
Telling of hopes and feelings past,
Like stars that darkened in their fall.

Hopes perishing from too much light,
"Exhausted by their own excess,"
Affections trusted, till they turned,
Like Marah's wave, to bitterness.

And is this then, the curse that clings
To minstrel hope, to minstrel feeling?
Is this the cloud that destiny
Flings o'er the spirit's high revelling?

It is—it is! tread on thy way,
Be base, be grovelling, soulless, cold,
Look not up from the sullen path
That leads to this world's idol—gold.

And close thy hand, and close thy heart,
And be thy very soul of clay,
And thou wilt be the thing the crowd
Will worship, cringe to, and obey.

But look thou upon Nature's face,
As the young Poet loves to look;
And lean thou where the willow leans,
O'er the low murmur of the brook.

Or worship thou the midnight sky,
In silence at its moonlit hour;
Or let a single tear confess
The silent spell of music's power.

Or love, or feel, or let thy soul
Be for one moment pure or free,
Then shrink away at once from life,—
Its path will be no path for thee.

Pour forth thy fervid soul in song—
There are some that may praise thy lays;
But of all earth's dim vanities,
The very earliest is praise.

Praise! light and dew of the sweet leaves
Around the Poet's temples hung,
How turned to gall, and how profaned
By envious or by idle tongue!

Given by vapid fools, who laud
Only if others do the same;
Forgotten even while the breath
Is on the air that bears your name.

And He! what was his fate, the bard,
He of the Desert Harp, whose song
Flowed freely, wildly, as the wind
That bore him and his harp along?

That fate which waits the gifted one,
To pine, each finer impulse check'd;
At length to sink, and die beneath
The shade and silence of neglect.

And this the polish'd age, that springs,
The Phoenix from dark years gone by,

That blames and mourns the past, yet
leaves

Her warrior and her bard to die.

To die in poverty and pride,
The light of hope and genius past,
Each feeling wrung, until the heart
Could bear no more, so broke at last.

Thus withering amid the wreck
Of sweet hopes, high imaginings,
What can the minstrel do, but die,
Cursing his too beloved strings!—

L. E. L.

MR. THELLUSON.

The late Mr. Peter Isaac Thelluson, whose name is immortalized by one of the most extraordinary testamentary deeds on record, was a native of France. Early in life, he settled as a merchant in London, and made there that immense fortune which became the subject of his will. It amounted to about seven hundred thousand pounds. To his wife and children, he left £100,000. The residue he bequeathed to certain trustees, who were to lay it out in the purchase of estates in En-

gland, and to lay out all the accumulating proceeds from these estates in the same manner, until all the male children of his sons and grandsons should be dead. If at that remote period there should be any of his lineal descendants alive, the whole of the Thelluson property is to be theirs, on condition that if they are of a different name, they shall assume that of their magnificent benefactor. Before this can happen, however, it is estimated that from ninety to one hundred and twenty years must elapse. If the succession should open at the first of these periods, the property will amount to about thirty-five millions! if not till the last, to one hundred and forty millions! Should there, however, be none of the line of Thelluson existing at the demise of all the male children of his sons and grandsons, then the whole of the estates are to be sold, and the money applied to the *sinking fund*, under the direction of Parliament.

THE HORRORS OF A HACKNEY COACH.

(Ackerman's Rep.)

SIR,

I AM the husband of one of the best women in the world; she is a perfect *dab* at pickling and preserving (Heaven *preserve* her for it); she is an excellent housewife, and manages all my matters most admirably; is genteel but not extravagant, sensible but not affected; was famous for drawings of beautiful children till she had two of her own; played charmingly on the piano-forte to my singing till the arrival of the aforesaid children, who now lay her under contribution for all her stock of old jigs, waltzes, &c. that they may dance to them.

All these, and many more, good qualities belong to her; but, alas! sir, there is one drawback: she is very nervous in a hackney-coach; and as she is not strong enough to take long walks, I am often obliged to employ one of those *very civil* gentlemen, vulgarly called *Jarveys*; and I can assure you, that the variety of her fears are such during a ride of a couple of miles, that, however fearless I may be when

I get into the coach, I am almost as nervous as herself at the end of the journey, and quite as glad to get out.

Sometimes she thinks the driver is too young, and then she says, "My love, that *boy* can never understand driving, *we shall certainly be overturned.*" If he chances to be very old, then she is afraid that he can neither see, nor hear, nor have strength enough to avoid danger, and then she assures me that *we shall certainly be overturned.* If the man is a smart natty fellow, and the horses good (and you do now and then meet with such, though it is a rare matter), and shews off a little in driving, turning the corners to an inch, and twisting and twirling most dexterously in and out of the almost inextricable intricacies of the city high-road navigation, if I may so call it, she colours up, and really *works hard* in pulling at, and holding by, the straps inside of the vehicle; and is either most dismally silent, or gives occasionally a most interesting "Lord have mercy upon us! *we shall certainly be*

overturned ;" but if her lips are silent, her eyes at such a moment look *unutterable things*. If he is a slow dull *Jehu*, and has to drive about mid-day down Fish-street-Hill, over London-bridge, and along that delicious avenue, the narrow part of the *Borough*, as it is called ; then, although the driver seems careful and deliberate enough, yet she is prophesying every five minutes, that *we shall certainly be overturned* by a brewer's dray, overwhelmed by a waggon-load of hops, or have a wheel taken off by one of those *nasty* Greenwich coachmen, who always drive to the eighth of a hair. Certainly some of these matters are enough to shake the nerves of any *man*, and I do think that if Phaeton himself could contrive to take this drive in a shaky old *rattler* (*anglice*, hackney-coach), he would be almost as much alarmed as when he overturned the chariot of the Sun, and set the world on fire. One odd fancy of my good lady's is, that it would be a very awkward thing if Waterloo, or any of the other bridges, should give way just as she was going over it, and she is consequently additionally uneasy till we are fairly across them.

In the evening, when we happen to ride, if every thing goes on quietly, and there is no stoppage in the streets, then she is sure to fancy the coachman is drunk, and cannot persuade herself but that he is *reeling* on his box at every jerk of the coach : certainly this is far from an impossible occurrence, but then I tell her, by way of consolation, that if the man is drunk, the horses are generally *very sober*, and know what they are about too well to get into any danger. If it happens that we are returning at night from any short distance in the country, then, as there can be no possible danger of running

against any thing but a turnpike gate, she amuses herself with fears of robbers. "Only think, my dear, suppose the fellow should be in league with highwaymen? Lord! we shall be robbed and have our throats cut!" I believe she has read of some such thing in an old *Newgate Calendar*: to be sure, this is only an out-of-town fear, and when we reach the gas-lights, it gives place to one of her London fears. The *cabriolets* have been out so short a time, that we have not yet tried them ; but I do not expect she will get into one, for she has decided (and I think properly), that no *lady* can ride in them, because of having to sit in complete contact with the driver.

These, and many other matters, serve to alarm my wife almost to distraction, *inside* of a hack ; but there is another desperate thing which annoys her most excessively, and that is, if I should happen to have a dispute about the fare with *Jarvis* when we get out : she cannot bear it, and I have often given them the overcharged sixpence or shilling, rather than have a *row* with them in her company. The other day, when I knew a fellow had cheated me of a shilling, I just ventured to hint to him, that I knew where the Hackney-Coach Office in Essex-street was, and might perhaps trouble him to walk before the commissioners ; upon which he very coolly d——d Essex-street, taking especial care not to d——n the commissioners ; and I, fearful of a volley of the same sort of thing, pocketed the affront, and walked off.

I do not know any great good that my complaining to you will produce ; but it always makes one's heart lighter to vent one's grief ; and, therefore, hoping for your commiseration and that of your readers, I remain, sir, yours, &c.

REUBEN RIDEABOUT.

SPANISH GUITAR SONG.

(Blackwood's Mag.)

O, lady ! wilt thou think of me,
All in the lone and lovely hour,
When evening's sun is on the sea,
When evening's breath is in thy bower ?
Sweet lady, will that diamond eye
Be darken'd with a tender tear,

For one, who loving, lost as I,
Will be in spirit hovering here ?
Yet 'tis a dream ; this beating heart
Must love, though all its love be vain.
Come winds and waves. At once I part
From all I prize, from thee and Spain.

(Ack. Repos.)

FRENCH FEMALE PARLIAMENT.

CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

PARIS, June 10.

MADAME BELLE-TAILLE rose to call the attention of the Chamber to the subject of fashions. She thought it highly necessary that some striking alteration should take place in evening dress: it was now a long time since either the materials or the form of grand costume had varied considerably; and it was a duty imperative upon that Chamber, to whom all Europe looked for fashions, not to let the present session go over without devising some that would uphold the high estimation in which French taste was universally held. She rose therefore to move for a revival of the naked drapery worn by the Roman ladies, a costume which was at once light, elegant, and appropriate, particularly for the ball-room; and would be found so strikingly novel, that it could not fail to meet with the entire approbation of all amateurs of the science of dress.

Madame La Baronne Très-Gothique could not help observing, that in the honourable member's zeal for French taste, she had forgot a little what was due to French modesty; and it struck her also, that the styling a very old fashion a striking novelty was what an Englishman would call a bit of a bull: however, she might perhaps be mistaken, and if so, the older a fashion was, of course the more novel: therefore she begged to propose the revival of one more ancient still; she meant the fig-leaf apron first introduced by *Madame Eve*.

Madame Belle-Taille in reply despatched with great bitterness on the illiberality of spirit evinced in the observations of the last speaker, whose ideas must be very confined indeed, if she should consider it a derogation from French modesty to follow the example of some of the most illustrious Roman dames. She hoped to find a more liberal spirit in the majority of the members; since it was evident, from the present state of full dress, that the naked drapery would reveal very little

more of the form than was at this moment displayed. As a confirmation of this assertion, she begged the noble members would look at the gowns which were cut half way up the leg, and half way down the bust, with a sleeve not larger than a shoulder-strap. Nobody could deny that such was the present costume; and could any lady, who had liberality of sentiment enough to adopt it, object to a dress so much more graceful and becoming, as the Roman costume, particularly too when it might be rendered extremely decent, by adopting a tight vest and pantaloons of flesh-coloured silk underneath?

Madame la Marquise de Parvenue seconded the motion, with the amendment.

Madame Court-Epaisse could not agree to the motion, however it might be modified. It might be a very suitable costume for those ladies whose tall slender figures would bear such an outrageous display; but pray what was to become of the dumpy order? She, for her part, thought that legislators should always have an eye to the interests of the people at large; and therefore she must vote against the introduction of a fashion which she was sure could never be generally becoming.

Madame la Comtesse Très-Violente admired the patriotism of the last speaker, though she could not say much in praise of her consistency; for she had been the warmest supporter of a fashion quite as unbecoming to the dumpy order as the naked drapery could possibly be. "I allude," continued the honourable speaker, "to the robes flounced up to the knees, which were first brought into fashion by *Madame Longues-Jambes*, and which were universally adopted by the dumpy order, and by no part of it more eagerly than by the honorable member.

The fair orator was here interrupted by *Madame Courte-Epaisse*, who rose in her place, and began with great indignation to repel the charge of her belonging to the dumpy order. As it is contrary to the rules of the chamber for

any member to speak except in the tribune, this circumstance created a good deal of confusion, for it was some time before *Madame la Comtesse* would descend; at last perceiving that there was no chance of her being heard, she quitted the tribune, which was immediately taken by *Mad. Courte-Epaisse*;—but she was so much exhausted, partly by passion, and partly by mounting in a great hurry, that she was nearly inarticulate; all we could catch were a few disjointed sentences: “Middle size—best height—I of the dumpy order!—impudent falsity!—insolent Maypole!” Cries of indignation from the whole of the left side, and vain calls from *Madame la Presidente* to order. The tumult at last became so serious, that the President, finding her voice could no longer be heard, put on bonnet. This act of authority recalled the members to reason, and order being re-established, *Madame Sens-Commun** mounted the tribune, and after some handsome compliments to the classical taste of the honourable member who proposed to introduce the naked drapery, lamented that she was obliged to oppose the motion upon grounds which she was sure that lady herself would allow to be just. She believed that that worthy individual, and indeed the whole of the honourable Chamber, would concur with her in opinion, that the grand object of dress was to secure admiration—(cries from different parts of the Chamber, “Very true!”)—but, unfortunately, the methods lately pursued, and which would be carried still farther if the present motion passed, were the last in the world to procure so desirable an end. Men were such strange, prying, inquisitive animals, that they always wanted to have something to find out; and even the perfection of loveliness, freely exposed to their view, never excited more than a momentary admiration, which was always sure to be succeeded by indifference, and too often by disgust. “We need,” continued the honourable member, “no other proof of this truth, than the *nonchalance* with which the loveli-

est bosoms and arms in the world are regarded by those to whom we display them. Do they not gaze on this living snow, moulded in the proportions of the Grecian Venus, with as much apathy as they would look on a box of pearl-powder? And why? Because it leaves no room for the exercise of their imagination. The ungrateful wretches, instead of being obliged by the pains we take, and the risk we run of catching our deaths, to treat them with a sight of our charms, would find more pleasure in gazing on our double handkerchiefs, and long sleeves, and drawing, according to their own fancy, the pictures of what was concealed by them. Not that I mean to recommend such dowdy coverings in full dress; no, I will readily admit that they are entirely incompatible with grand costume: but surely a short sleeve of moderate length, and a tucker or tippet that would partially conceal the bosom, might be admitted with the utmost propriety, and would certainly do more towards exciting admiration, than bare necks and arms, or even the naked drapery itself.”

The honourable member then descended the tribune amidst mingled cheers and murmurs of disapprobation; and the motion of *Madame Belle-Taille* was put to the show of hands, and negatived by a majority of ten, most of whom, to the surprise of all Paris, are of the extreme left*.

The sitting closed at half-past four o'clock.

* *Note by the Reporter of the Debates.*—As this defection of so many members of the *côté gauche* upon such an important occasion has excited much speculation, and as it has even been whispered that those members are likely to secede entirely from their party, we think it our duty to contradict this report, which we have every reason to believe is false; it having been imparted to us confidentially, that these honourable members were influenced merely by considerations of a private nature, as they are all corpulent, some under-sized, and one or two a little bandy. We pledge ourselves for the truth of these facts, which we consider it necessary to state, in order to exonerate the fair liberals from a suspicion so injurious to their political celebrity.

* This lady is of the right centre.

VARIETIES.

THE ARMY OF FAITH.

(Lit. Gaz.)

Extract of a Letter from Paris.

"M. A. Thiers has managed to get out a book which suits the spirit of the times—*Les Pyrenées, et le Midi de la France, pendant les mois de Novembre et de Decembre 1822*. M. Thiers had the good fortune to meet in his travels the far-famed Régence d'Urgel. He gives the portraits, or rather the descriptions, of the principal personages who compose that wandering and quarrelsome corps, from M. Mata-florida, who headed the Inquisition party in 1814, downwards. He fell in also with the *armée de la foi*; and of it he gives the following account :

"I never saw any thing more wretched or more original. Twelve or fifteen hundred miserable creatures, men, women, and children, were stretched on the ground, surrounded with their baggage, which was spread all about. Some were sleeping on a lock of straw, others added their bundles to their straw, and endeavoured to make beds. All were making the best of the little they had, bustling about like ants, making a confused noise, using a sort of barbarous dialect, and exhibiting a most disgusting filthiness. Outside of the camp were some mules, their eyes covered with copper plates after the Spanish fashion, and their heads encumbered with ornaments. Their rations distributed among them were devoured with brutal eagerness. Those who were less wretched and squalid than their companions, had a little salted meat; but the mass had only the addition of the water of a neighbouring torrent. The women appeared much more dejected and distressed than the men. I saw some of them take their children from their backs to place them at their breasts, from which the poor infants could scarcely obtain a drop of milk. These unfortunate beings, exhausted by a long march, and confused by the strangeness of a foreign country, seemed to sink under the rude climate of the northern side of the Pyrenees, and the turbulence and violence of their savage husbands, and alone to bear the

evils of a civil war. The men were only excited by the want or the supply of bread; and as soon as they were satisfied they threw themselves, one after another, on the ground, where they lay like beasts that have toiled out the day.* After having observed these unhappy bands, I proceeded across the mountains. The roads were covered with stragglers; and I met parties of officers, monks, curés, and students, with the large Arragonese hat, and their cassocks tucked up, who were certainly in much better case than the poor sufferers I had left."

NATURAL HISTORY.

The following display of courage in a hen, happened lately in a stable belonging to Mr. R. Vause, of the Windmill public-house, without Castle-gate Postern, near York. A hen with young chickens, went into the stable to brood, and whilst two of Mr. Vause's neighbours, and his own daughter, were admiring the young family, an immensely large rat was observed to come from behind some old wood, and make a furious attack upon the chickens. The hen immediately fell upon the assailant in so vigorous a manner, that in about the third or fourth round she laid her enemy lifeless on the stable floor. The manner in which she destroyed her antagonist, was by catching hold of its back with her bill, and striking with her wings and feet in a manner similar to a game cock.

GAME COCK.

Monday, June 2, at the Fighting Cocks Inn, at Winfarthing, Norfolk, a large cock, of the true fighting breed, attacked a beautiful child, about a year and a half old, belonging to the family of the landlord, and wounded him in several places in the head and face, and if timely assistance had not been at hand, there is little doubt that he would have repeated his attacks till he had deprived him of his sight, if not of his life. The cock was killed immediately.

* This picture is, we fear, too just; not merely with reference to the corps described, but to all the wretched troops of Spain, without provisions, commissariat, or discipline.

LONGEVITY—EELS.

Of the longevity of eels, the following instance is recorded:—John Meredith, an officer of excise, who resided in a cottage at Klanvas, Brecon, having, in the year 1781, caught a small eel, put it into a well in his garden, which is about nine feet deep, and three in diameter, but seldom contains more than two feet of water, except the neighbouring river, Usk, is swelled by floods, when it completely fills. Upon one inundation, in 1822, the eel above mentioned appeared on the surface, and was caught in a pail, when, to use the language of Margaret Price (carrier from Brecon to Swansea), who tenanted the cottage at the time, it was “as thick as her arm, and coiled round the pail from bottom to top.” Thirty-one years it has existed in its narrow abode, to which it was again consigned, and where it may probably still continue.

COCK AND HEN PARTRIDGE.

In few instances is the force of parental affection more powerfully displayed, than in the cock and hen partridge, at the time they first bring out their infant brood. As I was riding this morning, in a green lane, the ruts of which were very deep, two old partridges got out of one of them, leaving their infant brood behind them, from their inability to get out, as they appeared to be but just hatched. I never saw any thing like the agony expressed by the old birds, lest I should injure their flock. They continued uttering the most piteous notes, and fluttering their wings in a way peculiar to them on such occasions, and I could scarcely drive them from under my horse's feet. Seeing two labouring men at a distance, I procured their assistance, and succeeded in rescuing the young ones from their perilous situation, as I knew there was a wagon coming, which would, in all probability, have destroyed them.

Considering the wild state of these birds, and that they came under the appellation of *feræ naturæ*, I could not but reflect, with pleasure and astonishment, on the wonderful instinct which nature has implanted in them, for the protection of their young at this tender age—almost to the total disregard of

their own safety, as I could have picked either of them in my hand. A few days since, a pointer bitch of mine broke out of her kennel, and came up to me in a field, with a hen partridge in her mouth. On observing, by her track in the grass, the way she had come, I retraced her steps, and found the cock bird, with a brood of ten young ones—the poor hen having, no doubt, fallen a sacrifice to her parental affection. The cock, at present, supplies her place; but this shews the necessity of keeping all dogs up in the hatching season.

SPANISH PATRIOT SONG.

Spain, awake! thy hour is come,
Shall it lead thee to the tomb;
Rushing from the Pyrenees,
Thousand banners taunt the breeze.
Yet a bolder, bloodier band
Left their corpses in the land.
Monarch, hear upon thy throne,
Hear before thou art undone,
Spain is fearless, though alone,
Heaven shall nerve her heart and hand!

She shall triumph; by the gore
Of the Roman and the Moor!
By the Roncesvalles plain;
(France, remember Charlemagne!)
By her blood, on field and wave,
By her dead, her living brave!
Crime may prosper, virtue weep—
But Revenge is swift and deep;
When the Spaniard starts from sleep,
Spain shall never live a slave.

Here was smote Napoleon.—
Like a shade his strength was gone;
Clouds of shame, and fear, and flight,
Plunged his Sun in sudden night,
Till was purged Earth's sullen stain;
Till the den, the distant main,
Heard the groans of Mankind's foe.
Now the Man of blood is low.
Spain, but strike one glorious blow;
Thou shalt never wear the chain!
(Blackwood's Mag.)

REMARKABLE ESCAPE.

Berlin, 8th of May.—On the 11th of last month, at 8 o'clock in the evening, a violent current of air caused incredible ravages over a track about two hundred paces in breadth, in Grosz-Slawsk. It entirely stripped the roof of the church of its tiles; threw down several barns and other buildings in its course, and carried a heavy casement from the steeple several hundred paces through the air. At Sterzellno it over-

turned a windmill; and in and about Lagrironicki, near Kruschwitz, threw down at one gust a new windmill, five barns, and two stables. All this was the work of three minutes. The new-windmill was whirled through the air like a shuttlecock over the head of a girl in the fields, who was almost frightened to death; and when the mill fell to the ground not far from her with a dreadful crash, the miller's boy crept uninjured from under the ruins.—[If we suppose the lad and lass to be lovers, what a romantic meeting this would be!—*Ed.*]

WILLIAM COOMBE, ESQ.

This gentleman, long known to the literary world, died on Thursday morning at his apartments, Lambeth-road, in the eighty-second year of his age. He originally excited great attention in the fashionable world by a poem entitled *The Diaboliad*, the hero of which was generally understood to be a nobleman lately deceased. The *Tour of Doctor Syntax* in search of the Picturesque, *The English Dance of Death* and *The Dance of Life*, *The History of Johnny Quæ Genus*, *The Little Foundling* of the late Dr. Syntax, (all illustrated from the designs of Mr. Rowlandson,) were among his latest and most popular productions. He was also the author of *The Devil upon Two Sticks in England*, and of several political pamphlets, which made a considerable impression on the public, which were *The Royal Interview*, *A Letter from a Country Gentleman to his Friend in Town*, *A Word in Season*, and many others. He also wrote those Letters which appear under the title of *Letters of the late Lord Lyttleton*. Mr. Coombe began life under the most favourable auspices. He was educated at Eton and Oxford.

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